



No 9
35pence

CARRIE · KONG · SEIZURE & SQUIRM are all inside

THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

THE CREEPING UNKNOWN

.... stalks London!
Man, Monster or?

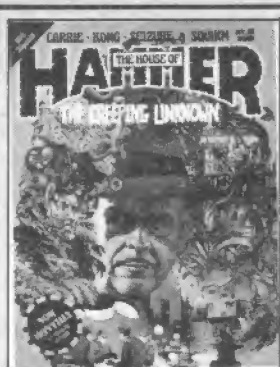
SEE
THE
QUATERMASS
EXPERIMENT!

**NOW
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The terrified and enraged Carrie White (Sissy Spacek) stands drenched with blood and calls forth her telekinetic powers for purposes of total destruction, in *CARRIE*. See our interview with *Carrie* director, Brian de Palma, on page 14 this issue, and our review of the film (by Cinema X editor, Tony Crawley) on page 18.

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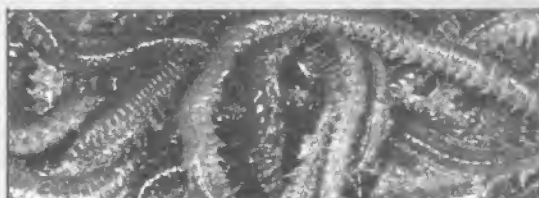
A picture-packed look at this little seen chiller.

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THE HOUSE OF HAMMER Number 9, June 1977 issue.

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Editorial

Last issue, in this column, I told you we were doing everything possible to cram as many facts, features, pictures and strips into each issue as we could conceivably fit. As you'll see from our contents page, we've somehow squeezed in even more material this time.

But not only that, thanks to your fantastic response to **HoH** through subscriptions and regular orders at your newsagents, we're now able to offer you twice the amount of material every year. That's right, as of this issue, **House of Hammer** is on sale—**MONTHLY!**

No longer will you have to wait an agonising 60 days for each issue (and no longer will we have to miss so many news scoops that come in just after an issue goes to press). You can now go down to your newsagent for the latest **HoH** every month.

Of course, it means twice as much hard slog for we poor already-overworked staff, but with faithful fans like you

behind us, who are we to grumble?

Already the effects of monthly status are beginning to show, as you'll see if you flip through this issue for our special announcement concerning classified ads. We've had so many requests for a readers' classified wants-for sale column that now publishing twelve issues every year, we feel we'll be able to keep abreast of the doubtless upcoming deluge of ads.

And to those of you who've followed us since the beginning and are wondering what's happened to the projected **HAMMER FAN CLUB**, just hold on a little longer. We've got it well under way. Along with more competitions, special offers, preview screenings, prizes and lots, lots more.

Thanks again for your terrific support, and stay with us. The best *really* is yet to come!

Reg Harris

HAMMER HAPPENINGS

It's happened to us again! We had so much to cram into this issue, we just couldn't get it all to fit! And so, to make room for our extra features on **Squirm**, **Carrie**, **Kong**, our De Palma interview and the look back at **Quatermass**, we've had to push a few promised features back an issue.

But next issue (and don't forget, that's in t-h-i-r-t-y days time, not sixty) we'll feature the promised **Peter Cushing Pin-Up Gallery**, **Boris Karloff as Fu Manchu**, our trip to Transylvania, plus the star adaptation of **Curse of the Werewolf** starring **Oliver Reed**, and back-up features on the making of the film and werewolves in fact and fiction.



And after issue 10? Sitting patiently waiting in the wings we have **Revenge of Frankenstein** (to be adapted by Hammer Films' scriptwriter Christopher Wicking), **Vampire Circus**, **The Devil Rides Out** and the Lee/Cushing film **The Mummy**.

And they're only the *film adaptations*. . . . Just wait till you see the rest of the issues!

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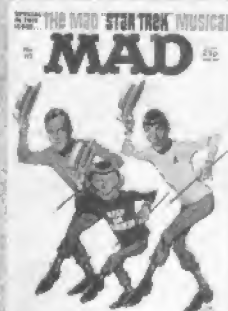
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PROLOGUE : THE QUATERMASS XPERIMENT

*FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO MISSED HoH8

THE YEAR: 1955. THE LOCATION: A WARM SUMMER'S EVENING IN THE QUIET ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, BUT THE QUIET IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED AS A WHITE HOT OBJECT PLUMMETS TO EARTH...



BUT THIS IS NO METEORITE. RATHER IT IS HUMANITY'S FIRST MANNED SPACE ROCKET. AND IT'S RAPID DESCENT TO MOTHER EARTH WAS SPELLED OUT FAILURE FOR ITS CREATOR... PROFESSOR BERNARD QUATERMASS.



SUDDENLY, THE CROWD OF SCIENTISTS, POLICE, ARMY AND CURIOUS VILLAGERS FALL SILENT AS THE MIGHTY AIR LOCK'S OPEN AND...



THE SILVER-SHINING FIGURE SUDDENLY STAGGERS AND FALLS AS QUATERMASS AND JUDITH CARROON RUSH TO HIM...



SCRIPT: LES LILLEY & BEN ALDRICH ARTWORK: BRIAN LEWIS

THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT

Part 2



MEANWHILE, THE ANSWER TO THE PROFESSOR'S QUESTION WAS BEGINNING TO TAKE SHAPE... IN MORE WAYS THAN ANYONE WOULD DARE TO IMAGINE!



F..O..O..D! NEED STRENGTH!

THE SOUND OF CARROON'S GUTTERAL SCREAMS QUICKLY BROUGHT JUDITH CARROON RUSHING IN...

VICTOR, I... OH, NO! PROFESSOR, HELP!

IT'S ALL RIGHT. HE'S ONLY FAINTED.

IF SOME ALIEN FORCE DID THIS TO THE OTHER TWO ASTRONAUTS, WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME CAN IT HAVE DONE TO... VICTOR CARROON?



ONLY FAINTED! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S SO THIN. AND HIS SKIN, IT'S... OH, VICTOR, WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE DIED IN SPACE WITH THE OTHERS? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME BACK... LIKE THIS... SO THEY COULD TORMENT YOU?



IT'S NO USE, QUATERMASS. WE CAN'T KEEP HIM HERE. HE MUST GO TO THE CENTRAL CLINIC.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BRISCOE. BUT BE **MUST** HAVE COMPLETE ISOLATION. NO ONE MUST SEE HIM LIKE THIS!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT.

I'M MRS. CARROON. HOW IS MY HUSBAND?

I'VE BEEN GIVEN A MESSAGE TO TELL YOU THERE'S NO CHANGE. BUT DON'T WORRY, LADY, MR. TUCKER'S VISITING HIM IN HALF-AN-HOUR. HE'S ONE OF OUR BEST. HE'LL LOOK AFTER HIM ALL RIGHT.

CEPTION!



... A DOCTOR NAMED TUCKER. YOU'VE GOT HALF AN HOUR TO GET HIM AWAY FROM THESE MAD SCIENTISTS!

BUT BE CAREFUL.
IT'S A SICK MAN
YOU'LL BE DEALING
WITH...

... NOT A CRIMINAL
OR SOMEONE WHO'S
BEHIND ON
REPAYMENTS!

DON'T WORRY, MISS.
I'LL HAVE HIM OUT OF
THERE IN SECONDS.

AND SO ...

TUCKER'S SICK.
I'M STANDING IN FOR
HIM, SO YOU MIGHT
AS WELL HIT
THE SACK.

WELL, YOU'RE
A BIT EARLY. BUT
I'M NOT GRUMBLING.
HERE'S THE
PATIENT'S
CHART!

THANKS.
G'NIGHT.

ONCE INSIDE, CHRISTIE QUICKLY SET
ABOUT EARNING HIS PAY...

QUICK, GET
YOUR COAT ON.
YOUR WIFE'S OUTSIDE
WITH THE CAR. SHE'LL
GET YOU TO A
PROPER
HOSPITAL!

I'LL
JUST CHECK
THE COAST'S
CLEAR...

THAT'S ABOUT
DONE. ONCE OUT OF
THIS LIFT... SAY, WHAT'S
THAT YOU'RE HIDING
UNDER YOUR
JACKET?

WHEW!
YOU'RE LIKE
SO MUCH
DEADWEIGHT.
CAN HARDLY
CARRY
YOU.



NO... NO!
DON'T...
AAAARGH!

VICTOR!
OH, THANK
HEAVEN YOU'RE
HERE. THE
CAR'S...



BEFORE LONG THE BODY
IN THE LIFT SHAFT WAS
DISCOVERED...

IT LOOKS AS
THOUGH LIFE WAS
DRAWN RIGHT
OUT OF
HIM!

QUICKLY,
HAVE AN
EXAMINATION
DONE.

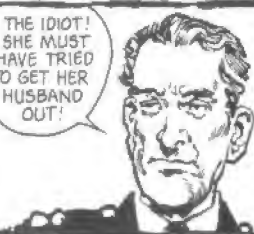


SUDDENLY...

PARDON ME,
SIRS. IT'S MRS. CARROON.
WE'VE JUST FOUND HER WITH
A CAR FULL OF LUGGAGE...
MEN'S LUGGAGE.

THE IDIOT!
SHE MUST
HAVE TRIED
TO GET HER
HUSBAND
OUT!

ANY
SIGN OF
HER
HUSBAND,
CONSTABLE?



NO, SIR. AND
SHE CAN'T TELL US
ANYTHING. SHE'S IN
A BAD STATE OF
SHOCK.

CAR 39 PROCEED
IMMEDIATELY TO 34 BADOE
STREET AND INVESTIGATE. IT
MAY BE CARROON. PROCEED
WITH CAUTION. RIVER POLICE
AT HAYS WHARF ARE
SEARCHING GENERAL
AREA.



AS THE CAR SPEEDS PAST,
A FIGURE THAT WAS ONCE
VICTOR CARROON WATCHES
THEM THROUGH COLD,
UNHUMAN EYES...



MEANWHILE
THE BODY
FROM THE
LIFT WAS
BEING
EXAMINED...



THIS FACIAL GROWTH.
IT'S PLANT-LIKE. AND IT'S
EATEN AWAY THE TISSUE
STRUCTURE. EVEN THE
BONE IS LIKE POWDER,
QUATERMASS!

WHAT IF THERE
IS A FORM OF LIFE
IN SPACE... NOT ON SOME
DISTANT PLANET, BUT
JUST... DRIFTING?

NOT LIFE AS
WE KNOW IT. WITH
INTELLIGENCE, YES.
BUT PURE ENERGY
WITH NO ORGANIC
STRUCTURE.

AND YOU THINK IT
MAY HAVE GOT AT THE
OTHER TWO ASTRONAUTS
AND JUST REDUCED
THEM TO THAT MESS
WE SAW?

LOMAX, I BELIEVE
CARROON IS THIS... THIS
THING'S CARRIER!

EXACTLY. AND
SUCKED THE LIFE
OUT OF THIS CACTUS
IN CARROON'S ROOM.
AND THE SAME TO THE
MAN WE JUST
EXAMINED.

BUT TO LIVE
AND GROW, HE... IT
... MUST HAVE FOOD.
GENTLEMEN, WE MUST
TRAP THE CREATURE
BEFORE IT CAN
KILL AGAIN!



SO HE'S
ONLY THE
SHELL OF
CARROON...

ABSORBING
EVERYTHING HE
TOUCHES...

AND GROWING
MORE POWERFUL,
MORE DEADLY,
EVERY HOUR
HE'S FREE!



BUT, THAT
SAME
EVENING A
STRANGE
THAT WAS
ABOUT TO
TAKE PLACE
IN LONDON'S
DOCKLAND
AROUND. AS
A NIGHT
ENSHROUDED
FIGURE
NOISILY
FORCED
OPEN A
DOOR...



A STARTLED CHEMIST CAME RUSHING THROUGH FROM HIS ROOMS BEHIND THE SHOP, ONLY TO BE BRUSHED ASIDE LIKE A FLY BY THE HUGE SILENT INTRUDER...



HEY, HOLD ON A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE. WE'RE SHUT FOR THE DAY.

BUT THE PROTEST FELL ON DEAF EARS...



NOW JUST CUT THAT OUT. SOME OF THOSE CHEMICALS ARE DANGEROUS! Y'HEAR ME?

AND THEN THE DARK FIGURE TURNED.



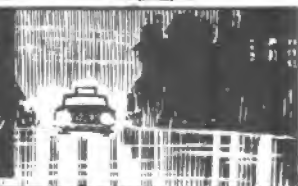
HIS COAT SLID FROM ITS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT REVEALING...

...HIS ARM!



Oh, my God!

AND LATER, THE SILENCE OF NIGHT WAS SHATTERED ONCE MORE BY THE WAILING SOUND OF A POLICE CAR HURTLING THROUGH THE STILLED STREETS...



UPON ARRIVING...



CARROON AGAIN! BUT WHAT WAS HE AFTER—AT A CHEMIST'S?

TO KILL HIMSELF! THAT'S ALL IT COULD HAVE BEEN WITH THOSE CHEMICALS! TO MIX THEM WOULD BRING INSTANT DEATH!

H'M... THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE. HE COULD HAVE BEEN TRYING TO SPEED UP THIS BIZARRE CHANGE WITHIN HIM.



BUT CARROON WAS AN ENGINEER. HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CHEMISTRY!

CARROON DIDN'T... BUT THE OTHER ASTRONAUTS DID! WE ONLY DISCOVERED THEIR PHYSICAL REMAINS, NOW WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO... THEIR SOULS.



END OF PART 2. CONCLUDING CHAPTER ON PAGE 23.

Media Macabre

FILM SCENE news

New Roddenberry Movie

Gene Roddenberry has completed a two-hour horror tv movie, *Spectre*, for America's NBC-TV. Roddenberry's Norway Productions, in association with 20th Century-Fox, have brought forth a story of an accidental discovery of a mythological demon. Danny Steinmann is the associate producer and Roddenberry, with Samuel Peebles, prepared the script.

People That Time Forgot

The People That Time Forgot is the sequel, from Amicus/American International, to 1974's *The Land That Time Forgot*, once again based on an Edgar Rice Burroughs story. Patrick Wayne (son of big John) stars as an American WW1 pilot who leads an expedition to the lost world of Caprona in search of his pal, Tyler. Doug McClure makes a guest appearance as Tyler, who was last

seen marooned on the mysterious island. This tale is set some three years after the events of *Land*, and the cannister thrown into the ocean by Tyler at the end of the movie prompts the expedition. The screenplay is by Patrick Tilley, from a script by Kevin Connor and Maurice Carter. Direction is by Kevin Connor again, and the leading roles include Dana Gillespie, Sarah Douglas, Thorley Walters, and Shane Rimmer. Amongst the usual dinosaurs, special effects include a battle between a giant pterodactyl and an amphibian biplane.



A beserk, driverless car crashes its way through America in a Group 1 film release in 1977. The car is possessed by an "occult object"—sounds like a cross between *Death Race 2000* and *My Mother the Car*.



John Llewellyn Moxey (who directed the *Night Stalker* TV pilot shows) is currently directing production on *Nightmare*, from Inter-Ocean Films.

New Australian Fantasy

In preparation, from Australian producer Jim McElroy, is *The Last Wave*, a fantasy thriller about a tidal wave clashing with the city of Sydney. McElroy's previous picture was the curious but pleasant *Picnic at Hanging Rock*.

In The Shadow Of Duel

Battle Truck, a suspenser

about a giant Mack truck as "villain", is currently being scripted by Michael Abrains from an original idea by Harley Cokliss, who will be working as director on the production.



Another upcoming Group 1 release. No need to tell you what seemingly inspired... *Meat Cleaver Massacre*.



At last our old friend Vincent Price has been monstrously out-camped. Here's a couple of pics of him from a recent *Muppet Show*.

Media Macabre



Still unreleased in this country, the Spanish production of *The Lorelei's Grasp*.

Nuclear Disaster Film

The story of survival in a small Florida community after nuclear destruction is the basis of *Alas, Babylon*. Plans for the production are now underway on what could be a boom (!) in nuclear disaster films.

Logan's Run On TV

Nill Nolan and Saul David have already prepared a script for the tv pilot show of *Logan's*

Run as a possible series. If this feature-length film succeeds with the audiences then a series is sure to follow, probably for telecast in the new 1977/78 season.

Robert L. Lippert Dies

Robert L. Lippert, known at one time as the "King of the B-Movies", died of a heart attack at his home last November. Lippert, in his career as a producer, is estimated as having nearly 400 films to his credit. When he heard that George Pal was working on *Destination*



Coming soon from Fox, Alfred Sole's film *Communion*.

Moon in 1950, he rushed into immediate production with *Rocketship Expedition Moon*, eventually beating Pal and bringing out the very first science fiction film of the 1950's. The release title was finally *Rocketship XM*.

Incubus

Ray Russell's new novel, *Incubus*, has been acquired for filming. Supernatural story concerns a vicious rapist who can alter shape at will. The producers feel that the story is so delicate that transition from script to screen will have to be done very carefully. In 1961, Russell's short novel "Sardonicus" was produced and directed by William Castle as *Mr. Sardonicus*, starring Oscar Homolka, Ronald Lewis and Guy Rolfe.

News In Brief

The Town That Dreaded Sundown, starring Ben Johnson and directed by Charles B. Pierce, tells of a man who "still lurks the streets of Texarkana, Arkansas!"; **The Last Dinosaur**, directed by Alex Grasshoff and Tom Hotani, stars Richard Boone, Joan van Ark and Steven Keats; **Blue Sunshine**; **The Wormeaters**, a comedy horror movie; **Communion**, directed by Alfred Sole.

BOOK news

MONSTERS AND VAMPIRES



With the ever-growing interest in Fantasy cinema, the book publishers are churning out film-books by the dozen. The vast majority of these books fall into one of two categories; the eternal photo gallery supplemented by inane text-type, and the hard-core, heavily into-depth analysis-type. It is a pleasure to occasionally find a film-book that seems to be aware to the two common factions and caters for the line down the middle.

Alan Frank's *Monsters and Vampires* (Octopus Books Ltd, London; £2.50) is a book that simply and purely makes for enjoyable reading, whether you are a hardened fan of the genre or just a regular cinemagoer.

The first thing this large-format book hits you with is the excellent collection of photo-illustrations, tied in closely with the appropriate text. Many of the photos are in colour, and must be the result of careful selection.

The book begins with a look at the first Vampires; *Nosferatu* (1922), *Vampyr* (1931), *London After Midnight* (1927), etc. We then have a chapter each devoted to Bela Lugosi and Christopher Lee. These two players are quite

New Thriller Spoof

The Man Without a Face, directed by Georges Franju, is a tongue-in-cheek send up of the super-thriller, incorporating all

the qualities of murder, mystery and mayhem. Basic plot concerns the search for a lost treasure of the Templars by a demonic master-criminal and his human robots. All very much

in the old serial style. Leading players are Jacques Champreux, Gayle Hunnicut, Gert Frobe and Josephine Chaplin. French title: *L'Homme Sans Visage* (aka *The Shadow Man*).



Left: The possible inspiration for *Shadowman*, the French film, *Fantomas Revient* starring Jean Marais as the faceless hero. Right: *Shadowman* threatens a foe with sleeve dagger.

Media Macabre

justifiably, and informatively, covered as they have received world recognition for their famous portrayals of Count Dracula. Balancing the two together creates a most interesting observation, particularly for the reader who only has appreciation for one of the actors.

A further two chapters study the scale of a variety of movies where the Vampire or Monster figure has played a part in the plot.

However, on a negative note, there are two chapters which deal with films not even borderline Vampire or Monster entries. *The Mummy* (1932), *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1932), *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1945), etc., are not titles that easily fall into either division. Away from the gothic-style and into the sci-fi section, *The Thing From Another World* (1951) is a natural but *Quatermass II* (1957), *Dr. Who and the Daleks* (1965), *The Andromeda Strain* (1971) and the like don't exactly come under the book's title. But, I suppose the definition of *Monster* applies strictly to the individual who's making the judgement.

A handsome book by an author who has a serious interest in films of fantasy.

FANTASCENE No. 2

FANTASCENE

UNTIL the 1960's, students of the cinefantastique had an exhausting task trying to locate information on genre films. Now writers, buffs and librarians have a wide selection of written material to choose from when pursuing elusive information. Publications by the students of the genre have made a healthy contribution in helping multiply available reading material.

A fairly recent addition to the growing library of fantasy film

periodicals is Robert Skotak's impressive *Fantascene*, which not only pays tribute to but seriously examines the lesser-known motion pictures in the fantasy vein.

The most recent issue of *Fantascene*, to date, contains a wealth of absorbing material sure to delight the heart of any fan. We have all read articles about and interviews with special effects technician Jim Danforth, but the interview featured in this magazine is particularly engrossing. Mr. Danforth engages in one of the most relaxed and informative discussions ever published: dealing with such topics as the giant ants that were eventually deleted from *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*, the ideas for a *Thing From Another World* remake, the superb animation sequences in *Flesh Gordon*, etc.

For those of you who have seen such productions as *Kronos* (1957), *Unknown World* (1950), *Forbidden Planet* (1956), *Monster From Green Hell* (1957), *Rocketship XM* (1950), and only retain hazy recollections of the special effects work featured in these films, then "Special Effects Designed and Created by: Jack Rabin & Irving Block" is for you. Mr. Rabin and Mr. Block, rarely respected and recognised for their amazing talents, were the special effects producers behind scores of low-budget fantasy thrillers during the 1950's. A 14-page article covering their exciting careers, involved in bringing space monsters, undersea creatures and general mayhem to your screens, deserves the serious attention of everyone who responds enthusiastically to science-fiction cinema. The incredible, and lavish, support of photo-illustrations in this article are well worth the cover price alone.

Fantascene number 2 continues its detailed look at George Pal's *War of the Worlds*, which garnered the Academy Award for special effects in 1953. Included in this fascinating study is a rare interview with Al Nozaki, the film's multi-talented Art Director who not only designed every visual aspect of the production but also designed the famous Martian war-machines and their inhabitants.

Special sections for Coming Attractions, Reviews, Books and Previews complete this first-rate publication.

Robert Skotak deserves the respect and admiration of every horror/sci-fi movie fan for producing such an excellent contribution to fantasy film reading matter.

Fantascene, published on an unscheduled basis, is available from Robert Skotak, P.O. Box 1859, Hollywood, California 90028, U.S.A. Single copy price: \$2.00 plus 50 cents postage (International Money Order).

—T.V.

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HITCHCOCK



*Cliff Robertson and de Palma (right) on the set of **Obsession**.*

A LOOK AT THE WORK OF BRIAN DE PALMA

Phantom of the Paradise has rapidly become one of my favourite movies so when the opportunity to interview its director, Brian De Palma, presented itself while he was in London recently I grabbed it eagerly. For those of you who haven't seen it yet (and those who haven't should be ashamed!) I should explain that **Phantom** is a marvellous homage to classic horror films, **The Phantom of the Opera** in particular, as well as being a send-up of the current fashions in rock and roll. William Finley stars as Winslow, a composer whose music is stolen by an evil rock impresario called Swan. Swan is played by the diminutive Paul Williams who, in real life, is a composer himself (he wrote all the songs for **Phantom** as well as other films such as **Bugsy Malone**). Not only is Swan a cheat, he's also in league with the devil, having sold his soul many years ago in order to keep his youth—à la Dorian Grey—but unlike Oscar Wilde's famous character, it's not Swan's portrait that grows old in

his place but a video recording!

Framed on a drugs charge by Swan, Winslow is sent to prison but escapes when he learns that Swan plans to use his music for the opening of his new rock palace—the Paradise. Winslow breaks into Death Records, Swan's record company, with the aim of sabotaging the machinery but while doing so is surprised by a guard and inadvertently gets his head caught in a record press—with very messy results. Now

SATAN'S CONTRACT

completely insane, Winslow infiltrates the Paradise, dons an elaborate bird-like costume and once again attempts to sabotage Swan's operation—this time by detonating a bomb in the middle of a number being performed by the Beach Bums. But he is detected by Swan who successfully persuades him to end his campaign of terror. Swan even persuades him to sign away his music (and his soul,

though Winslow doesn't realise this at the time), all because of Phoenix, a girl singer who Winslow is in love with. Swan promises him that Phoenix will be the one who opens the Paradise with his music but once again he betrays him and gives the honour to Beef, an outrageously camp performer who adapts Winslow's songs to suit his own rather bizarre singing style.

When Winslow learns of this he breaks out of the bricked-up room in which Swan had imprisoned him and confronts Beef in the latter's bathroom while he is having a shower (this whole sequence is a parody of the famous shower-murder sequence in **Psycho**). But despite the Phantom's threats Beef is forced to go on with the show... and is subsequently electrocuted on stage by the Phantom. With Beef's remains still sizzling, Phoenix is hurriedly sent out in his place and proves a great success with the audience—but the Phantom's triumph is short-lived as Phoenix then falls under Swan's evil influence and agrees to accom-



Paul (Jonathan Warden) on the steps of the draft office addressing Lloyd (Gerritt Graham) and Jon (Robert De Niro) (both have backs to camera) and passer-by (Peter Boyle—bottom right). From de Palma's *Greetings*.

pany to his mansion—Swannage—for a victory celebration. There she is seduced by Swan while the Phantom, in one of the film's most memorable scenes, observes them through a skylight—screaming with anguish as a thunderstorm rages in the background. He then takes out a dagger and stabs himself to death, but his actions have likewise been observed by Swan, via one of his many TV cameras. Swan later appears on the roof and removes the blade from the Phantom's chest, which brings him back to life. 'You can't kill yourself,' Swan tells him, 'you're under contract.' And when the Phantom, in a rage, drives the blade into Swan's heart, Swan coolly informs that: 'I'm under contract too.'

The climax of the film comes when Swan and phoenix are to marry in a ceremony to be held on the stage of the Paradise, but the Phantom discovers that Swan intends to have Phoenix shot in the middle of the proceedings. The Phantom also learns Swan's big secret—that he will only stay young as long as the video recording of his true self remains safe. The Phantom immediately burns the tape, prevents the hired gunman from firing the fatal shot at Phoenix, then swoops down onto the stage to deal with Swan, whose face is now a ghastly mess. But as Swan dies the Phantom's chest wound re-opens and spurts blood... and so the Phantom dies, surrounded by the cavorting rock fans who think it's all part of the show...

Phantom of the Paradise is a film that succeeds on almost all levels—the direction is faultless; Paul Williams's score and lyrics are marvellous, and the cast are perfect: William Finley gives a unique and moving performance as the tortured Phantom; Paul Williams, with his sibilant, slinky voice conjures up sufficient evil as Swan; Jessica Harper as Phoenix possesses an unusual beauty, combining a child-like quality with adult sexuality; and Gerrit

Graham as the incredible Beef deserves a special Academy Award for one of the most way-out performances of all time (he even out-camps Tim Curry in *The Rocky Horror Show*).

Phantom... is the film that has done most to put De Palma's name in the public's mind but actually has been making films since the early 1960s. He made a series of short, experimental films before making his first feature, *The Wedding Party*, in 1967 which not only starred William Finley (the Phantom) but also Robert de Niro who is now famous as the star of *The Godfather Part 2* and *Taxi Driver*. Then came *Murder A La Mod* in 1968 which was basically a murder mystery but shot in an experimental style with the murder being shown from the viewpoint of three different people. Then came *Greetings* which was De Palma's first really successful feature (it won a

Silver Bear at the Berlin Film Festival). *Greetings* was an experimental satire on America of the 1960s involving the drug culture, Vietnam, the call-up and pornographic films. Then followed *Hi Mom*, a sequel to *Greetings* this time set in the 1970s, but unlike *Greetings* it was a relative failure. De Palma's next project was *Get to Know Your Rabbit*, his first Hollywood film (all the others had been made in New York) which starred comedian Tom Smothers as well as Orson Welles and Katherine Ross and was an allegory about a mild-mannered clerk who drops out and becomes a tap-dancing magician. Then came the film that established De Palma's reputation as a horror/suspense director—*Sisters* (released as *Blood Sisters* in the U.K.). *Sisters* is very much a homage to Alfred Hitchcock and his films. *Psycho* in particular, and concerns two sisters, one good and one evil, who had originally been Siamese twins but had been successfully separated by a surgeon who continued to exert an evil influence over them. De Palma's latest film, *Obsession*, also owes a lot to Hitchcock—in fact it's almost a virtual remake of *Vertigo*, one of Hitchcock's classics. *Obsession* is about a businessman who loses his wife and child during a bungled kidnap attempt and then, sixteen years later, comes across a girl who is an exact double of his late wife. He marries her then loses her in circumstances similar to the first kidnapping... but it all turns out to be a plot by his business partner in order to gain control of the company (I'm not giving anything away really because it's a plot device that's as old as the hills). And as for the identity of the girl... yes, you guessed it.

One of the first questions I asked De Palma, who turned out to be a very genial, pleasant person, was why, having proven he can make totally original and unique films like *Phantom*, he should be content to



The rock group 'The Undeads' from de Palma's *Phantom of the Paradise*.

return to the themes and style of Hitchcock. 'Yes' he replied, 'it's true that *Sisters* and *Obsession* are more or less inspired by *Psycho* and *Vertigo* but I'm a great admirer of Hitchcock. He developed a certain film grammar which I'm just beginning to know how to use. I think any director could learn a lot from him. What I've done with *Sisters* and *Obsession* is to use some of the premises of the movies he did but try to tell different stories. I'm not Hitchcock and I'm not worried by the fact that I take some of the techniques that he's pioneered in film-making, use them myself and just feel that I haven't done anything besides pick up a dictionary. It's not a matter of me trying to out-do Hitchcock or improve on him—he's very specifically what he is and I'm coming along to what I am, but I don't think there's any attempt at one-upmanship involved in what I'm doing. I mean, the man's a master, a giant—he's made so many masterpieces. I've just used him, in a way, as a starting point from which I'm developing my own technical skills.'



The beautiful Genevieve Bujold, kidnapped and near death. From de Palma's *Obsession* (1975).

Another thing that *Sisters* and *Obsession* have in common with Hitchcock is that they were both scored by Bernard Herrmann who is probably most famous for the music he composed for *Psycho*. Herrmann was one of Hollywood's most original film music composers and his career ranged from *Citizen Kane* to *Taxi Driver*—and fantasy fans will, of course, remember that his music enhanced many of Ray Harryhausen's animation films, such as *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*, *Mysterious Island* and *Jason and the Argonauts*. Unfortunately Herrmann died late in December 1975 shortly after finishing work on *Taxi Driver*. 'He was a great genius,' said De Palma, 'and I don't know if I'll find anyone of his calibre again, but for my new film, *Carrie*, I'm using a composer who I do think is very good. He did the music for Nicolas Roeg's *Don't Look Now*.'

Speaking of *Taxi Driver*, Martin Scorsese's contemporary horror film set in

New York, the script-writer of that Paul Schrader, also worked on *Obsession*. I suggested to De Palma that *Obsession*, with its somewhat old-fashioned plot (to put it as kindly as possible) was an unusual choice of subject for Schrader. 'Not really,' said De Palma, 'all of his films have sort of obsessed central characters. In fact Paul and I really thought up the plot of *Obsession* together. He's an old friend of mine. I met him he was still a film critic.'

It was inbetween *Sisters* and *Obsession* that De Palma made *Phantom of the Paradise* which is totally different from the other two films and certainly doesn't owe anything in either style or theme to Hitchcock (except the shower-murder joke). So I asked if it wasn't a major change of pace for him. 'No,' he replied, 'it's very similar in style to some of the early shorts I made years ago but you haven't seen them over here in England.' *Phantom*, it turns out, was very much a personal project of De Palma's and one that he'd been trying to get off the ground as far back as 1969. None of the major studios were interested



rock star is going to be assassinated on stage, as Beef was in *Phantom*.

As De Palma has a genuine affection for horror films I asked him if he had been influenced stylistically by any particular horror film director during the making of *Phantom*. 'Not really,' he said, 'only by German expressionism in general—by films like *Dr Caligari* and so on.'

De Palma was faced with several problems with *Phantom*, a few of which were legal ones. 'The film was just called *Phantom* at first but there's a comic strip called that and the syndicate sued us so we had to change it. And Swan's record company was originally called Swan Song Enterprises but it turned out there's a real record company with that name and they wanted us to take it out of the film. Unfortunately we had that name written on a lot of things which meant we had to substitute a different name, Death Records, every time it appeared in the film. In some cases we superimposed the new name over it; in other scenes we had it optically removed. We also had to make a few cuts.'

De Palma's other big problem was the size of the available budget. Despite the fact that *Phantom* appears to be a fairly lavish and spectacular film it was actually made on a small budget which made things difficult during the shooting. 'We had a tremendous pressures for time because we just didn't have enough money. I had some

TOLERANCE FOR BLOOD

very elaborate ideas for some of the musical numbers that I didn't have time to shoot. The sets could have been bigger and more elaborate too.' But overall he is satisfied with the results and *Phantom* remains the personal favourite among the films he's made. 'It's probably come the closest to the kind of thing I really like to do. It's expressionistic, fantastic, stylised, funny... and scary.'

I agree completely but repeated viewings of the film do reveal a few flaws. For instance, there are occasional lapses in continuity such as in the sequence where Swan goes to check his video recorders after the Phantom has claimed his first victims at the Paradise: when Swan enters the secret passageway behind the mirror he is wearing a white suit but when we see him watching the video machine he is dressed in red and black; then a few moments later, he is once again dressed in white. 'That's because the scene was moved around,' De Palma told me. Another slightly confusing moment occurs when Winslow gets his head caught in the record press—just before the accident takes place an armed guard enters the room but the next scene shows Winslow staggering out of the factory and we are left in the dark as to how he escaped the guard. But originally, I learned, there was a sequence where the guard actually shot Winslow before being overpowered by him. This was cut, as was

in it, however, and finally De Palma obtained part of the necessary finance from a record company. His main source of inspiration was, of course, the Lon Chaney *Phantom of the Opera*. 'I've always loved the scene in the original where Chaney is up on top of the Paris Opera House listening to his beloved betray him and wailing in anguish. It's great, sad stuff and I tried to put that same quality into my film. Not that *Phantom of the Paradise* was ever intended to be just a re-make of the Chaney film—the original idea was to call it *Phantom of the Fillmore* (the Fillmore is a rock palace in San Francisco and New York) and it was based on my realisation that contemporary rock has some very expressionistic elements in it which lend themselves to the horror genre. Today the rock world is obsessed with death, watching performers burn themselves up on stage, consuming themselves... killing themselves.' De Palma believes that one day a



Tom Smothers and Kathleen Ross. From de Palma's *Get To Know Your Rabbit*.

also a closeup of Winslow's face after he came out of the record press—all bloody and steaming, with the remains of one eye dribbling down his cheek. 'I finally decided that was too excessive for the movie,' said De Palma. He seems to have a liking for explicit gore—in *Sisters* there was the memorable sequence where one of the characters is graphically stabbed to death, first knifed in the groin then in the mouth—and dies writing *HELP* on a window with his own blood. 'I suppose I have a high tolerance for blood,' said De Palma, 'my father is a surgeon and I've seen him amputate legs and carve people up.'

All the members of the cast of *Phantom* are excellent but Paul Williams as Swan is particularly impressive and I asked De Palma how he came to choose him for the part. 'I met him one day at A & M Records and it occurred to me that he could not only compose the music but also play one of the parts. At first I thought of having him play the Phantom even though I had originally written the part for William Finley. I liked the idea but then I began to think Paul wouldn't be scary enough. He's not a scary person. Then he said he would rather play Swan and that made a lot of sense to me. He'd started as an actor really. He was in a couple of films before he became a song writer.'

Williams may not look scary but he can certainly be sinister and De Palma agreed with me when I said Williams reminded me of Peter Lorre in many ways, especially his voice. The only unsatisfactory thing about Swan was his make-up in the final sequence when the Phantom destroys him. 'I was never quite pleased with his corrupting make-up in the final scenes,' said De Palma, 'I agree he should have looked old

instead of burnt but it was too late to change it.'

As for the other members of the cast: 'William Finley is an old friend. I went to college with him and he's been in a lot of my films. He's a very unusual actor and I use him whenever I have a particular part for him. I've known Gerrit (Beef) Graham for some time too... I met him when he was an undergraduate at Columbia. I used him in *Greetings*. Jessica (Phoenix) Harper I first saw in a play in New York so I then auditioned and screen-tested her and decided she was the best for the part.'

THE DEMOLISHED MAN

As the interview came to an end I asked De Palma what sort of horror films he liked personally. 'One recent horror film I like was *Jaws*. I didn't like *The Exorcist*... it's not a very good movie, but I thought *Rosemary's Baby* was fine. Polanski's films are always very good. And I like the stylisation of Hammer's films...'

At the moment De Palma is still working on *Carrie*, his latest film to date. 'It's based on a book by Stephen King and is about a young high school girl with telekinetic powers. I've also written a script based on *The Demolished Man* (the classic science fiction novel by Alfred Bester) but we've yet to get the finance to make it. It's going to be a very expensive project.'

I finally asked him if he would be making anymore films in the style of *Phantom of the Paradise*. 'Yeah,' he replied, 'I have a few ideas cooking. It's difficult to find a suitable subject to suit that kind of approach but I'm sure that something will occur to me.'

Roll on Son of the Phantom!

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Way back in *House of Hammer 1*, we printed an overview of the films of director Brian de Palma. And so, following this issue's interview with the modern-day master of suspense, which was recorded last year when he had only just completed making *Obsession*, Tony Crawley now takes a look at his latest chiller...

"CARRIE"

CONFESSION: *Carrie* is the first Brian De Palma film I've seen. Won't be the last. He's better than I'd heard.

Although *Carrie* is above and beyond his usual norms, several sharp nudges in my left ribs attest to the fact that all his trademarks are well in evidence to the Brian-Buffs. That much said, let's concentrate on Carrie and the wistful angel of an actress giving her so much frightening credence: the speckle-faced Sissy Spacek (pronounced as in "basic", not "pay-cheque"), of Czech stock and currently Robert Altman's stock company. And—didn't I say it—terrific! At 27, she can still portray teenagers, as long as she hides her hands. Her innate fragility makes her ripe for *The Glass Menagerie*, yet she'll scare the livin' bejabbers out of youse. Not like Linda Blair's green-pea soup commercials or *The Omen* kid's baleful stare. Sissy does it believably, never rocking on that ultra-thin tight-rope between fantasy and reality. The only devil in *Carrie* is locked in her

mother's religio-neurotic head. She's such a rabid fanatic one wonders what De Palma's actual target is: telekinesis, adolescent cruelty, parentally damaged kids, or quite simply, religion itself.

As in the best of tales, nothing about "creepy Carrie" is what it first seems. She's the ugly duckling of her high school, the butt of every joke. Yet early on, we catch her in the shower after netball, lensed as if for a TV ad. for soap, though more erotically than most TV networks

SHOWER ATTACK

dare allow. The duckling is a swan, right enough. As we're entranced with this sopa-opera view, blood suddenly appears on her thigh. Hysteria begins. The girl is simply menstruating for the first time (a cinematic first, at that). She doesn't know what's happening to her and her panic is ridiculed by her classmates, who attack her with obscene derision, which lead to a



The horrified Carrie, drenched in blood, stands over the body of her escort, Tommie Ross.

ferocious two-way revenge over the next 97 chilling minutes—and, hear this, almost right up to the final frame. Nothing is what it seems... not even the first, second or third climax.

The girls are punished with extra athletic work-outs by their gym teacher. Plus the threat of that fate worse than death to all young American WASPs—missing the high-school prom. Chris quits the punishment detail anyway, and plans Carrie's come-uppance in league with a Fonzie-type fella, and in a way which suggests she spends too much time watching triple Roger Corman features at the local drive-in. They kill a pig and (presumably) drain it, fill a bucket with the blood and rig it to fall, like the old bucket-on-the-door jape, on Carrie at the dance, indeed at the moment of her first triumph when elected Queen of the Prom.

Her response to this appalling degradation is horrendous. No surprise, though, already signposted by her making ash-trays fly and mirrors smash, and just to help the audience, by checking out this strange malady in the school library. Telekinesis is what she's got. The power to make objects move, doors open, windows shut... Her mother put it down to sin. Her mother puts everything down to sin. "The



Carrie, blood pouring from a wound in her back, cowers in a kitchen corner.



Margaret White (Carrie's mother) is stabbed to death by hurling kitchen knives.

sin of Eve". From Carrie's own procreation to the husband tempted away by the devil. This is Piper Laurie in her first film since *The Hustler* 15 years ago; a rotten waste of a fine talent.

'SIN NEVER DIES!'

Carrie and mother live together in a crumbling house (reminiscent of *Psycho*, like the screen-notes of Pino Donaggio's score). Candles and Christ are in every room, including the closet where Carrie is locked to atone for her sins. Even for her period, poor kid. "Sin never dies," yells Momma, while Carrie makes her own impassioned plea, "I wanna be normal!" That she can never be. The sexual frustration and social deprivation of childhood and youth, to say naught of lacking maternal love and the imposed ignorance of puberty, has generated her amazing telekinetic powers—recently observed in one of Nigel (Quatermass) Kneale's *Beasts* TV plays, Billy. Once drenched in the pig's

blood, Carrie creates telekinetic havoc on the scale of *The Towering Inferno* Meets *Lizzie Borden*.

Yes, of course, the film is as easy to send up as the girl. Take care—once only, though. Call it a period piece, for instance.

Nothing though removes the force and, in the end, the sheer pleasure of this movie. Nor the thought of its fate if churned out by one of Roger Corman's troupe, as another El Cheapo exploitation number like something lately released Stateside as *Massacre At Central High*. Which is why De Palma impresses beyond his natural and acknowledged expertise with cameras, actors, lights, non-actors, composition, motivation and swirling sets. His casting, for instance, is impeccable; apart from Carrie and her Ma, they're mainly unknowns, or unfamiliar. Notable successes being Betty Buckley's teacher; Nancy Allen's Chris, far more demonic than Carrie in her sheer viciousness; Amy Irving as the one girl trying to make up for the shower incident; and William Katt, as the sports hero taking Carrie to the prom—a young fella out of a new Robert Redford mould, and the son, in fact, of Barbara Hale, Perry Mason's Della Street—that-was.

'SISSY IS A PHANTOM...'

But as even De Palma readily agrees, this is Sissy Spacek's film, the kind of *tour de force* merely hinted at in *Prime Cut* with Marvin and Hackman, or *Badlands* with Martin Sheen. She's back soon in Altman's production of *Welcome to L.A.* and Altman's own *Three Women*, a fantasy based on his own dreams. Carrie, by contrast, is sheer nightmare. And gives you one. I later heard a girl who'd seen it, describing a dream in which friends gave her "blood sandwiches" to eat. (Maybe we should get the comic strip rights from here.)

Sissy, says Brian De Palma, is a phantom, with a wider range than any other young actress he knows. "She has this mysterious way of slipping into a part, letting it take over her." That comment and the ghoulish climax of his film—our lips are sealed—has our esteemed Editor Dez Skinn suggesting a sequel soon. "A sort of Carrie On..." Which is enough to make this typewriter fly across his office and bounce off his...

Carrie
Margaret White
Sue Snell
Tommy Ross
Billy Nolan
Chris Hargenson
Miss Collins
Norman Watson
Mr. Fromm
Mr. Morton
Mrs. Snell
Freddy
The Beak

CAST

Sissy Spacek
Piper Laurie
Amy Irving
William Katt
John Travolta
Nancy Allen
Betty Buckley
P. J. Soles
Sydney Lassick
Stefan Gierash
Priscilla Pointer
Michael Talbot
Doug Cox

CREDITS

Directed by Brian De Palma. Produced by Paul Monash. Screenplay by Lawrence D. Cohen. Based on the novel by Stephen King. Edited by Paul Hirsch. Associate Producer Louis Stroller. Director of Photography Mario Tosi. Music Pino Donaggio. Art Directors William Kenny and Jack Fisk. Costume Designer Rosanna Norton. Stunt Co-ordinator Richard Weiker. Special Effects Gregory M. Auer. Certificate X. Released by United Artists. 97 mins.

SEIZURE!

What better way to start this review than to tell you that *Seizure* was considered by the ultra-critical American magazine, *Cinefantastique*, to be '... the most remarkable horror film to appear since William Friedkin's *The Exorcist*.'

Seizure is the end product of 29-year-old *Oliver Stone's* labours. Stone created the original story, co-wrote the screenplay and directed the film—his first-ever feature film, by the way.

All the actors give very good performances, especially *Herve Villechaize* as the sadistic dwarf (remember him from *Man With The Golden Gun*?).

The story concerns one *Edmund Blackstone* (*Jonathan Frid*), an author of horror stories who suffers from a recurring nightmare involving a huge half-faced, black executioner, the aforementioned dwarf, and the *Queen of Evil* (played by the beautiful *Martine Beswick*).

Blackstone invites his wife, two sons and five guests to his country home for a weekend, but is astonished to find three unexpected guests also arrive. The executioner, the dwarf and the *Queen of Evil*.

Apparently these three nightmares actually exist ... but as escaped inmates from a lunatic asylum.

Taking over, the three force the five guests and the *Blackstone* family to participate in their bizarre games of death. If they refuse, they die. If they lose, they die.



Jackal flings writer Edmund Blackstone against the fireplace.



Jackal the Executioner beheads one of Edmund's weekend guests.



Spider the dwarf uses force to stop one of the guests escaping.

And the games will continue until there is only one winner.

Throughout the film we are kept guessing whether any of these murderous developments are really happening, or whether they are part of Edmund Blackstone's nightmare. And, if part of his nightmare, as he sees his friends die one by one, Edmund wonders what is happening in reality.

Suddenly he wakes up, screaming. Screaming after seeing his friends, family and wife die horribly. But it isn't yet over for him. As Edmund staggers into the



Eunice sees her face in the mirror, after being disfigured by Spider, the sadistic dwarf.



After a fight to the death with Edmund, Mikki has her throat slit by the Queen of Evil.

bathroom, he sees the same lipstick suicide message scrawled on the mirror that his wife had written in the dream. And behind him, in bed, not his wife but the Queen of Evil.

But still it doesn't end . . .

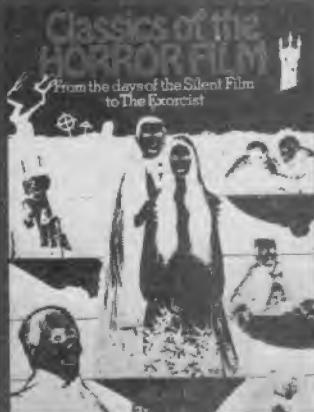
Exposure of this film in Britain has unfortunately been somewhat limited, as has another recommended film from the same distributor, **The Werewolf of Washington** (reviewed back in **HoH 3**). But should it appear at any cinema in your vicinity, if you have a taste for madly paranoid movies, don't miss it.

SEIZURE (1974)

Edmund Blackstone	Jonathan Frid
Queen of Evil	Martine Beswick
Spider, The Dwarf	Herve Villechaize
Jackal, The Executioner	Henry Baker
Charlie	Joe Sirota
Nicole Blackstone	Christina Pickles
Serge	Roger de Koven
Mikki	Mary Woronov
Jason	Timothy Ousey

93 minutes, certificate X, directed by **Oliver Stone**,
Produced by **Garrard Glenn & Jeffrey Kapelman**,
Screenplay by **Edward Mann & Oliver Stone** from
an original story by **Oliver Stone**. Filmed in Canada.

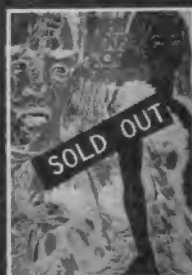
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THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT

Conclusion



... THEN
DASHES THE
DOLL FROM
HER ARMS!



PERHAPS SOMEWHERE DEEP
INSIDE THE MUTATED SHELL,
A SPARK OF VICTOR CARROON
LIVES. A SPARK THAT STOPPED
HIM FROM KILLING A CHILD,
AND MAKES HIM ROAM ON...
FOR FOOD!



AND, WITHIN MINUTES...



SUDDENLY BRISCOE
APPEARS WITH A
STARTLING DISCOVERY.



THIS IS ONLY A SMALL FRAGMENT OF THE MAIN ORGANISM. IF ABSORBING A TINY MOUSE CAN DO THIS, THERE'S NO LIVING THING ON EARTH THAT STANDS A CHANCE AGAINST THE MAIN BODY...

I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN POSSIBLY FIGHT IT!

MEANWHILE...

DRUNK AGAIN, ROSIE, ME OLD LUV?

WHAT'S THE POLICE FOR, IF THEY LET CREEPY-CRAWLIES ROAM ABOUT AS THEY PLEASE?

I CERTAINLY AM NOT! I'VE COME TO COMPLAIN ABOUT A BIG CREEPY THING THAT JUST CRAWLED INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY!

YOU'VE BEEN SEEING THINGS AGAIN, ROSIE. YOU MUST LEAVE OFF THAT BOTTLE!

MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK IT OUT. THERE'VE BEEN SOME FUNNY GOINGS-ON LATELY!

AN' TELL 'EM IT WAS ENORMOUS!

IF IT REPRODUCES ON CARROON AT THE SAME RATE...

QUATERMASS... IT'S BEEN SPOTTED! GOING INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY!



YEAH, THEY FOUND THAT PAINTING WHEN THEY WERE CLEANING DOWN THIS OLD WALL...

COULD WE TEST FOR A FEW CAMERA ANGLES?

HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

I DUNNO. IT LOOKS LIKE...

IN THE ABBEY, A TV CREW ARE PREPARING AN OUTSIDE BROADCAST ON A RECENTLY DISCOVERED WALL PAINTING.

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND...

...A BODY!

MY NAME'S QUATERMASS, AND I WANT YOU ALL OUT OF HERE... NOW!

WE CAN'T DO THAT, CHUM. WE'VE A LIVE TRANSMISSION IN A FEW MINUTES!



... EVERYBODY IN THE BUILDING IS IN DEADLY DANGER. I WANT THE WHOLE ABBEY CLEARED. PUBLIC, CLERGY, EVERYONE... QUICK!

WAIT! HOLD THAT PICTURE!

WHAT THE HELL IS IT?

KILL TRANSMISSION!



THAT IS WHAT'S LEFT OF VICTOR CARROON... OR WHAT HE'S NOW BECOME!

LOOK AT THOSE NODULES! IF THEY SPORE, THEY'LL SPREAD BY THE MILLION AND COVER THE COUNTRY IN SUCH CREATURES!



HOW LONG BEFORE IT STARTS REPRODUCING, BRISCOE?



GET ME FLAME-THROWERS!



NO! TOO RISKY!



I'VE GOT IT IN CLOSE UP ON THE SCREEN. IT'S STOPPED PULSATING AND SEEMS TO BE CHANGING!



THE BEGINNING OF NEW SPORE-PRODUCING ZONES... DOZENS OF THEM!



I THINK WE CAN STOP IT, BRISCOE!

BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS, IT COULD BE ANYTIME IN THE NEXT HOUR OR SO!

THE WHOLE CREATURE MUST DIE. ANY SURVIVING PART WOULD RE-START THE CYCLE AGAIN!



GET CABLES AND
CONNECT THAT STEEL
SCAFFOLDING TO THE
MAIN POWER LINES.
SEND IN ENOUGH
CURRENT TO MELT
THE LOT IF
NECESSARY!

BUT YOU'LL
BRING THE WHOLE
CITY TO A
STANDSTILL ...!

IF THAT THING
SURVIVES, YOU WON'T
HAVE A CITY!

BRISCOE,
I'M GOING
TO NEED SOME
HELP!

WELL,
THIS TIME
YOU'VE
WON!

QUATERMASS!
WHY WASN'T
THE MINISTRY
INFORMED ABOUT
ALL THIS?

DON'T
FRET, BLAKE
... IT'S ALL
OVER NOW!

HELP,
QUATERMASS?
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?

I'M GOING TO
PUT ANOTHER
ROCKET INTO
SPACE!

The End

THE QUATER

by John Brosnan

In July 1953 the BBC began a six-part television serial called **The Quatermass Experiment**. It's the story of an astronaut infected by an alien plant spore which turns him into an unrecognisable 'thing', it was a mixture of science fiction and horror, with the emphasis on horror. Written by Nigel Kneale, an actor-turned-writer (apart from his TV work he also wrote the screenplays for John Osborne's **Look Back in Anger** and **The Entertainer**) the serial was enormously popular with the British public. The following year Hammer Films decided to make a film of it, and it turned out to be a momentous decision for the small company. They had made science fiction films before (**Spaceways** in 1952 and **Four-Sided Triangle** in 1953) but this was their first real *horror* film.

'NAUSEATING'

Released as **The Creeping Unknown** outside of Britain, the film proved to be as popular as the serial. Even the critics liked it. "This is the best and nastiest horror film I have seen since the war," said Paul Dehn, writing in



Quatermass sees his first sign of the alien invasion, from Quatermass II.

the News Chronicle. "Exciting but distinctly nauseating," said the Sunday Times. "The monster proves more acceptably alarming than most 'things' in science fiction and in his more human stages Richard Wordsworth's tortured grimace and menacing make-up suggest a pathetic as well as a horrific figure," said the Monthly Film Bulletin, and the New Statesman said: "The film does in fact touch the imagina-

tion. It's hero, gripped by fantastic horror, hints at tragedy. What we witness in a number of scenes is much extended by what we don't quite see. The doomed hero is frighteningly played by Richard Wordsworth . . . and the result seems to be a better film than either **War of the Worlds** or **Them!**"

The film remains a truly horrific one, even today when certain aspects have become dated. Richard Landau and Val Guest, who wrote the screenplay together, succeeded in retaining the unique qualities of Kneale's original TV script, and Guest's direction effectively created an atmosphere of ever-increasing eeriness. But a lot of the success of the film must be

'KNOCK THE HEAD OFF'

credited to Richard Wordsworth who gave a performance equal to that of Karloff's in **Frankenstein** in the way that he combined, as the reviewers noted, the horror with elements of tragedy. In several scenes he managed to convey, with the aid of Phil Leakey's make-up, a real sense of undergoing something



Part creature, part human—Richard Wordsworth is discovered, in The Quatermass Experiment.

MASS STORY

utterly alien to all human experience. Wordsworth also communicated, in pure mime, the unbearable loneliness of the character—a once intelligent man who was still vaguely aware of the terrible thing he was becoming but helpless to prevent it. This was best illustrated when the creature, attempting to hide in a deserted canal boat, encountered a little girl playing with a doll. Already partially transformed (his arm had absorbed a cactus plant) there still remained enough of the man within the monster to save the girl by frightening her away before he could lose control and attack.

"That film has been with me ever since," said Wordsworth in an interview. "The cactus bit was great fun. My face was covered with rubber solution and I had spikes growing out of my arm. Jane Asher played the little girl the monster meets. I had to lurch at her and knock the head off her doll. As soon as the scene was finished there she was crying. Naturally I knelt down to say, 'There, there,' and everybody started yelling at me, 'Get back, you fool!' Of course I was terrifying her. I'd quite forgotten what I looked like."

'MEET IN THE DARK'

The success of **Quatermass** quickly led the Hammer team, which included James Carreras, his son Michael and producer Anthony Hinds, to realize that the public was in the mood for horror films. So, in 1956 **Quatermass II** followed, and then **X—The Unknown** which was about a radioactive blob that comes out of the ground in Scotland and attacks atomic power plants, but though relatively successful they didn't have the impact of the first **Quatermass** film. It took **The Curse of Frankenstein** to achieve that.



Quatermass (Brian Donlevy) prepares the final attack against the aliens, in Quatermass II.

"We found that the 'thing' that looked like an oil bubble in **X—The Unknown** frightened nobody," said James Carreras. "They are only really terrified by something they are likely to meet in the dark on their way home from the cinema." And Michael Carreras said: "**The Curse of Frankenstein** was an extraordinary moment in history and I suppose it stemmed from **Quatermass**—remember how the monster in that, even when it was in West-

minster Abbey at the end, had a kind of humanity that you could identify with. That suggested to us the Frankenstein monster idea and it worked... and that's how it all started."

Twenty years later Hammer is still going strong in the horror field and it's interesting to speculate on what direction the company would have taken if it hadn't made **Quatermass**. For one thing this magazine probably wouldn't exist.

(USA: The Creeping Unknown)

Brian Donlevy.....	Professor Bernard Quatermass
Jack Warner.....	Inspector Lomax
Margia Dean.....	Judith Carroon
Richard Wordsworth.....	Victor Carroon
David King Wood.....	Gordon Briscoe
Thora Hird.....	Rosie
Gordon Jackson.....	TV Producer

Directed by **Val Guest**; Screenplay **Richard Landau** and **Val Guest** from the BBC TV serial "The Quatermass Experiment" by **Nigel Kneale**. Director of Photography **Walter Harvey**; Art Director **J. Elder Wills**; Editor **James Needs**; Special Effects **Les Bowie**; Music Composer **James Bernard**; Producer **Anthony Hinds**. Released by **Exclusive** (82 mins). USA Release: **United Artists** (78 mins).

"Great". What more can I say? **HoH** is the best horror magazine on the market. I've tried so many different horror mags, but **HoH** beats them all. And the best part of it is that it's British. Most of the top horror mags are American, so it was pleasing to see a British mag that is of such high standards.

I like the comic strips you include, though I'm not too keen on **Captain Kronos** (sorry!). The **Monster Gallery** on Christopher Lee in issue 6 was fantastic, though your best article has been **Terrible Monsters** by John Brosnan in issue 5. I totally agree with him about **The Haunting** being a terrific movie. I sat frozen to my chair throughout that film.

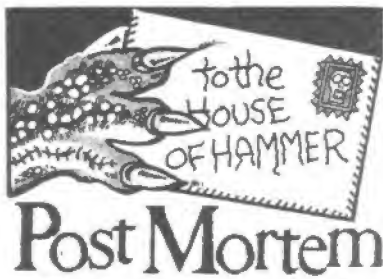
Before I close, please try to get **HoH** on a monthly basis, sixty days is too long to wait between issues.

Paul Holmes,
Swindon, Wilts.

*No sooner said than done, Paul. Sales on **House of Hammer** have been increasing with every issue to such an extent that you will now find a new issue leaping out of the sta at you every single month. But that doe. 't mean we're going to sit back and gloa. We still want to hear from you, to hear what you like, and more especially, what (if anything) you don't like about Britain's only monthly monster magazine.*

HoH

I've got to write and congratulate you on your brilliant magazine. Personally, I thought only the guys at the Marvel offices could even think of adapting the great Hammer films. But you've done it.



You've not only come out as good as Marvel black & white horror, but you've gone right to the top. Well done, and keep it up!

RLC,
Pyle, Nr. Bridgend.

HoH

Being a great **HoH** fan since issue 1, I had to write to tell you I think the magazine's format is perfect . . . almost. Personally, I think more room should be given to **Van Helsing's Terror Tales** because I think that the stories are very original, with the one in issue 3 having a nice touch of the film **Night Must Fall**.

Below I am listing some suggestions for **HoH** in the future: Give some sort of feature on the making of the film concerned in the adaptation. Try a week-by-week dictionary on Hammer horror films. Can you please do an adaptation of **Blood From The Mummy's Tomb**? I saw this film on the television recently and thought it was a good change from the ordinary, predictable type story. The full

gloss gore came through very well and I particularly liked the end scene in the hospital.

Paul Bishop,
Weymouth, Dorset.

*In answer to suggestion one, Paul, you will now be getting a free one-year subscription to **House of Hammer** for coming up with the best idea we've yet received. In future, as often as possible, we're going to contact the people behind the films we adapt to comic strip format, and give you as many behind-the-scenes facts and even anecdotes as the people concerned can remember. Your second idea: hold on a minute! We've only just gone to monthly schedule, it would break our backs weekly. But if you mean a history of Hammer, consider that one done too. We've currently got one of our contributors piling up the facts, and a regular column on this subject will follow on from Denis Gifford's column on Golden Age horror. **Blood From The Mummy's Tomb**, being the fourth Hammer/Mummy film will just have to wait its turn.*

HoH

When I saw the premiere issue of **House of Hammer**, I thought of buying it (purely for investment reasons) but decided against it. Anyway, after watching a few horror films on the television (including **Countess Dracula** and **Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde**) and being given a few horror books and mags, I became very interested in horror films and Hammer in particular. Then I remembered **HoH**, and, after four hours searching, I finally came across a

SWAMP FEVER - 'Very original'. 'Great. More stories like it.'



DRACULA - PRINCE OF DARKNESS

in issue 6 proved a hit with everybody



rather tatty copy of issue 6. My response... terrific. I thought John Bolton's artwork was... well, I can't think of any words to describe it. Maybe beautiful. Anyway, I thought the whole issue was great.

The only faults I can think of are: not sticking to Hammer films enough and the distribution is poor. I find it quite hard to get copies.

I doubt if you'll print this letter as it's quite long, but thanks for reading it and I think you're onto a winning formula.

Stephen Kay,
Lanarkshire.

Distribution: as once stated, you hold the key to better distribution by plaguing the shops which sell MAD magazine, Cinema Blue and DC Comics and telling them to stock House of Hammer. While we can't get into every single shop in the country, we can get into the ones that sell the aforementioned. But only if the newsagent thinks people want House of Hammer, otherwise he's just wasting valuable counter space. So don't look around, nor find it and go elsewhere. Tell him you think he should carry it, or order it regularly through him. It's his business to know about popular magazines, but he has hundreds to choose from. He'll appreciate your help, and we certainly will.

HoH

Your magazine, *The House of Hammer*, is the best horror magazine I've ever read. I have a lot of American magazines, but I hate the way they treat horror films, always laughing and joking about them.

Van Helsing's *Terror Tales* in issue 3, "Swamp Fever", was great. I hope to read more stories like that. I also liked your reviews of George Romero's films *Night Of The Living Dead* and *The Crazies* in issues 3 and 6. I think your adaptations of Hammer horror films are brilliant—I especially liked the *Dracula* and *Dracula, Prince Of Darkness* strips.

Keep up the good work, gentlemen.

Kevin Clyde,
Penicuik,
Midlothian.

HoH

I'm writing to tell you that *House of Hammer* is getting better with every issue. I thought issue 1 was brilliant and issue 4 had an excellent adaptation of *Legend Of The Seven Golden Vampires*. *HoH* is the best horror magazine I've ever seen... except for one, *Monster Mag*. This, in my opinion, is the best horror magazine there has been, or ever will be.

After issue 14, *Monster Mag* came to an abrupt end. Some time later it returned and I was really pleased, as I'm sure a lot of people were. But after only 3 issues it disappeared again.

As I say, *HoH* is an excellent magazine, but does not compensate for the brilliant *Monster Mag*. I'm sure other readers are interested where this superb publication has disappeared to, so as you edited both, perhaps you can tell us.

P. Houghton,
Redditch,
Worce.

Quite simply, what happened was that we felt *Monster Mag* had too many limitations, being a "poster mag". When you discount the cover and the huge poster, there's only seven pages left for features in *MM*. This didn't give us anything like enough room for news, reviews and articles. So, for the same cover price, we have sacrificed the poster and brought out a magazine with 52 pages and a much stronger link with the industry through Hammer films. Who says this isn't the age of value-for-money?

HoH

It was with great pleasure that I read issues 2 and 3 of *HoH*. Hammer with their own magazine—marvellous!

The contents of both issues were enjoyable, but I would query the title of Denis Gifford's otherwise-excellent *The Golden Age of Horror*. I enjoy reading about, and seeing on TV, old movies; Gifford is knowledgeable and a good writer, but in my opinion the era Gifford writes about was *not* the Golden Age of Horror.

The Golden Age of Horror, the REAL Golden Age, began when Hammer started making *true* horror films in the 1950s. Hammer go on improving year after year, and what is also important is that their success has inspired other companies, such as Amicus, to really give us great horror movies.

Please, in future, try to avoid writing up such deplorable stuff as *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*. Such films as this give real horror films a bad name.

Roger Dard,
Victoria Park East,
Western Australia.

Thanks for your interesting, thought-provoking letter, Roger, which brings me to a suggestion I've had in the back of my mind for a few months now. That is exactly what do you want to see in future issues of *HoH*? Every letter suggests different things, so how about, the next time any of you write in to *Post Mortem* or *Answer Desk* enclosing a separate list of your favourite features from this issue listing the lot in order of preference, with a recommendation at the end (for more/less comic strips, more/less film reviews, longer/shorter articles, larger/smaller photos, larger/smaller type in the articles or whatever). We'll print the final, averaged-out results and (prize time again) the five readers who get nearest to the average will receive £5 of free merchandise from our bargain basement plus a complimentary copy of the next *HoH* personally autographed by our top five regular contributors.

Address all comments to:
POST MORTEM,
House of Hammer Magazine,
Warner House, 135-141 Wardour Street,
London, W.1.

Unfortunately, because of the large volume of mail we receive, we cannot give personal answers to your queries.



Pasadena-by-area sidewalks perturbed by some rather strange figures in the bus-queue, in favor of our monstrous readers toward a No. 12 bus.

The date . . . December 4th, 1976

The place . . . Rialto Cinema, Leicester Square, London

THE DAY HOUSE OF HAMMER INVADED LEICESTER SQUARE

Imagine it, the early hours of a cold, winter's Saturday morning in the heart of London's cinema-land. The huge flocks of pigeons have deserted their treetops for the more satisfying pickings at Trafalgar Square. The commuters are having their weekend rests. The football crowds have yet to descend. All should be silent and peaceful.

But it isn't. For this particular Saturday morning, almost five hundred *House of Hammer* readers are zooming in, from all directions, for the promised special screening of a new horror film.

Unfortunately, or fortunately—depending on your heart conditions, few were in fancy dress, but everyone agreed they had a great time as they sat through trailers to *Death Weekend*, *Futureworld*, *Food of the Gods*, the judging of the fancy dress, and as-then-unreleased feature film, *Squirm*.

In fact, the event was such a smash-hit that we're currently planning another such show sometime soon. But this time, for the benefit of those of you outside the London area, we're going to have a *House of Hammer* preview screening in no less than five major cities throughout Britain, all on the same morning! Watch future issues for further details.

But now, for those of you unlucky enough not to make it, over the page is the story of *Squirm*. And here are a few shots our photographer got of some of the stranger attendees . . .



The final five entrants in our monster mask competition. From left to right: Don Strain (not in mask, or so he tells us), Paul Webb (as Dr. Shreck), Roger Cook (in skull mask), John Gibbins (as Xanth), and Alan Price and Linda Humphries as an (almost) double pair.



Some poor commuters think we're taking a picture of him. Is he in for a shock when he (nude) returns? As is our friendly, over-enthusiastic police on the beat?



*Above left: The People Who Made It All Possible, John McDonald (manager of the Rialto Cinema), Don Strain (editor of *House of Hammer*, Penny Netherton's assistant to . . .), John Gibbins (producer of Dennis Davidson's *Associates*, who handed public us for *Squirm*), and behind, prize-winner Paul Webb as Dr. Shreck from Dr. Terrence's *House of Horrors*. Above right: Our security force who did a remarkably good job of keeping gate-crashers out of the cinema. In fact, they managed to clear the whole of Leicester Square.*

SQUIRM

THE STORY

Late on a hot summer evening in 1975, a sudden electrical storm strikes the rural sea coast area of Fly Lake, Georgia. Power lines are felled, cutting off all electricity to the small, secluded town of Fly Creek, and during the period that follows the storm, the citizens of Fly Creek experience one of the most bizarre freaks of nature ever recorded.

A bright, beautiful morning follows the tremendous thunderstorms, but, unknown to the inhabitants of the little township, a broken electrical cable swings free from its support, lashing the muddy ground and sending thousands of volts deep down into the earth. Far beneath the surface, the charges crackle, and as they do so, something begins to stir. . . .

However, determined to enjoy their holiday, Geri and Mick decide to go fishing, and they ask Roger Grimes, a local who works with his father in a wormbait business, to take them out in his boat. The three set off, and while baiting his hook, Mick is bitten by one of the more voracious types of worm in his bait tin. Roger laughs at Mick's discomfort, and recalls the time when his father attempted to lure more worms from the earth by sending mild electric shocks into the

ground. The worms appeared in their hundreds but seemed to go crazy from the shocks and the exposure to light, and viciously bit into their flesh as they attempted to pick them up.

Mick goes ashore to have his wound tended, leaving Geri and Roger alone. Obviously strongly attracted to Geri, Roger takes the opportunity to force his attentions on her, but Geri fights him off, and during the struggle Roger stumbles



Patricia Pearcy plays Leroine Geri Sanders.

Pretty young Geri Sanders feels that all is right with the world when her boyfriend Mick arrives from New York to spend a few days with her and her family in Fly Creek. But their enthusiasm is dampened by several strange and inexplicable incidents.



The villains of the piece. Thousands of biting, burrowing blood-worms.



The worms leap up and burrow into Roger's face.

back onto the open can of live bait.

The worms immediately swarm over his face, and Geri screams in horror as blood appears and she sees the worms burrowing their way into the flesh of his cheeks. Bellowing in agony, Roger leaps from the boat and makes his way to the shore where he disappears into the woods, tearing at his face.

Geri rushes home to tell Mick, and the two drive off to the Grimes farm to try and help Roger. He is not there, but instead they find the body of his father, almost completely eaten by a mass of worms which lash out in panic as Mick exposes them to the light. They hurry to town and attempt to tell the Sheriff, but he refuses to listen or believe their story.



Roger falls into a veritable sea of worms after his fight with Mick.

mother or her young sister Alma. As they sit down to dinner, an ominous creaking startles them, and suddenly a large tree in the garden topples and crashes down through the roof of the house. Mick rushes outside and sees that the exposed roots of the tree are alive with worms which have eaten it right through, but as the light from his torch touches them they vanish into the ground.

Recalling Roger's story, and realising now what must be happening, Mick sends Geri into the house to stay in the light with her mother and sister while he finds timber in the woods to repair the damage the tree has caused. Night has fallen as Mick hurries away, but before he can complete his errand he is attacked and knocked unconscious by a pain-crazed Roger, whose face is now hardly recognisable.



Roger, being eaten alive by the worms, crawls on . . . for revenge.

Much later, when Mick recovers, he returns to the house, only to find it in darkness and the ground floor a seething sea of worms, a pulsating

mound in one corner indicating all that remains of Geri's mother. Fearing the worst now, Mick uses a lighted torch to create a pathway through the worms and climbs the stairs to look for Geri. As he searches the darkened rooms he is leap upon by Roger who has imprisoned Geri in the attic, and in the struggle that follows, Roger tumbles down the stairs and is sucked into the heaving, living mass which surges below.



The grisly remains of Geri's mother, covered in slimy slippery blood worms.

Mick rushes back to Geri, and the two escape out of the window to the branch of a tree where they cling in terror as the ocean of worms, which has now engulfed the whole of Fly Creek, seethes and writhes around them.

Morning dawns, and they are awakened by the voice of an electrician who has come from the next town and repaired the damaged cables. With the light of dawn the worms had returned to their underground homes, and with the earth now free from the abnormal amount of electricity, far beneath the surface the horror ceases its stirring. . . . ●

Mick	JOHN SCARDINO
Geri	PATRICIA PEARCY
Roger	R. A. DOW
Naomi	JEAN SULLIVAN
Sheriff	PETER MACLEAN
Alma	FRAN HIGGINS
Quigley	WILLIAM NEWMAN
Sheriff's Girl	BARBARA QUINN
Willie Grimes	CARL DAGENHART
Millie	ANGEL SANDE
Bonnie	CAROL JEAN OWENS
Hank	KIM IOCOVOZZI
Danny	WALTER DIMMICK
Mrs. Klopp	JULIA KLOPP

Executive Producers: EDGAR LANSBURY and JOSEPH BERUH; Producer: GEORGE MANASSE; Written and Directed by JEFF LIEBERMAN; Director of Photography: JOSEPH MANGINE; Editor: BRIAN SMEDLEY-ASTON; Make-up Design: RICK BAKER; Sound Editors: DAN SABLE, MAGNOFEX and HARRIET GLICKSTEIN; Make-up: NORMAN PAGE; Costumes: DIANNE FINN CHAPMAN; Special Effects: BILL MILLING, DON FARNSWORTH and LEE HOWARD; Music Composed and Conducted by ROBERT PRINCE.
Certificate X

90 min

Shaken and horrified at what they have seen, Geri and Mick return home where they try to behave normally so as not to alarm Geri's

THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE

by John Fleming

Now, one man's meat is another man's poison—especially when we're talking about cannibalism. According to *Cinefantastique's* reviewer, on the strength of *The Living Dead at The Manchester Morgue*, "Jorge Grau joins that select group of directors whose films are to be avoided at all costs."

It's one of those rare horror movies that actually manages to make a few members of the audience scream out loud—not from fear, but from revulsion. Its vomiting high-point comes when a dead policeman has his eyes gouged out and eaten by some rather bored-looking living corpses. The gory ideas, alas, are better than the so-called special effects.

But last year the movie won Jorge Grau the Best Director prize at Antwerp's 3rd Festival of the Fantastic Film. So it must have something. In fact, although it's by no means a good movie, it is interesting and eccentric. For our US readers: the movie was briefly screened as *Breakfast at The Manchester Morgue* and was recently re-released by AIP as *Don't Open the Windows*.

ATTACKED BY A DROWNED MAN!

It was made in 1974 as a Spanish-Italian co-production but was shot in England's Lake District. The locations are superbly chosen. Basically, it's a clever re-working of *Night of the Living Dead* with a touch of *Phase IV* and *It's Alive* thrown in for good measure. *Manchester Morgue* never actually appears in the film. There are too many good ideas left undeveloped and, in places, the pacing is a little too leisurely.

The film opens as George, the trendy hero, leaves an eerie city to visit friends. In the grey city, a bowler-hatted man is taking pills in a doorway. A dead bird lies in the gutter. Faces glare menacingly from a bus queue. A naked girl streaks across a traffic-junction ignored by everyone. Steam rises frighteningly through grilles in the road. Then suddenly George is in the lush green countryside.

The movie never quite recovers from

this superbly atmospheric opening. It's a pity director Grau didn't make a film about the unnatural normality of the city. He's a much better director than his material allows, although he never makes full use of a very good electronic score (recorded in stereo).

For amazingly complicated reasons, George and a girl called Edna, a non-inebriate woman, find themselves driving towards the Lake District while their car radio talks about ecological disaster. Edna has to get to Southgate quickly.

"I must see my sister before . . .," she says, not completing the sentence. She doesn't explain that her sister Katie is a mentally unstable drug addict.

They lose their way, so George stops to ask directions at a farm. Whining in a nearby field stands a bright red machine. It destroys parasites by ultrasonic radiation. It affects the parasites' nervous systems—making them attack and kill each other.

While George is at the farm, Edna gets out of the car. A man staggers from the local cemetery and attacks



Guthrie (centre) and friends about to attack George and Edna in the church.

her. His black clothes are soaking wet. He has a rope round his neck.

Edna escapes. When she and George return to the car, the man has disappeared. George doesn't believe her story; it's too far-fetched. The local farmer says her description of the man sounds like 'Guthrie the Looney'. But it can't be. He drowned a week ago.

It's night now. At the cottage, Katie is alone. Her husband Martin is out taking photos (with an automatic flashlight) of a local waterfall. Katie hears a noise. She finds pools of water in the corridor. There's another sudden noise. 'Guthrie the Looney' staggers towards her.

THE DEAD DON'T WALK AROUND?

She smashes a window and escapes into the woods pursued by the crazed looney. He catches her near the waterfall; he puts his hands round her neck and squeezes. But he's distracted by the automatic flashlight and Martin races to Katie's rescue. The Looney attacks Martin who defends himself by smashing a stone full-force into the side of his attacker's head. This, of course, has no effect. Martin is rather surprised. Guthrie the Looney strangles Martin, smashes in his ribcage and rips open his face. The camera, still working automatically, takes pictures of it all.

Guthrie chases Katie, but George and Edna arrive in the car. As blood-soaked Guthrie escapes into the undergrowth, Edna sees his face.

The police investigation is led by McCormick, a tough Irish detective. The film's dubbing is one of its saving graces. Very good lip-sync indeed. No ghastly mid-Atlantic accents. Instead, a wide variety of very effective British regional accents with the added bonus of a very effective and literate English script.

The police discover Katie is a drug addict and that her husband had tried unsuccessfully to cure her and was going to put her in a clinic. That's an obvious motive for murder. She must have killed him. Silly police.

Katie has a breakdown and is taken to Southgate Hospital, a local gothic monstrosity. The dead are removed from there in little steel coffins (actually freezer units) which are transported in trucks to Manchester Mortuary where the autopsies are performed.

George visits Katie in hospital and, while he is talking to a doctor, an emergency bell rings. 'What's up, doc?'

"Oh, God!—The nursery unit again!"

A nurse runs from the nursery with a bloody gash in her eye. Inside the unit, an ordinary baby with bloodied



Martin (foreground) and friends, after coming back to life in Southgate Mortuary. Note the severed hand on slab and headless body on floor.

fingers lies smiling in its cot.

"It's the third one born since yesterday," says the doctor. "They're almost homicidal."

All the babies come from one small area: the area around the whining red farm machine. George and the doctor go to confront the technicians at the farm.

The scientists say the machine only affects primitive creatures with primitive nervous systems: "It has no effect on more evolved systems."

The doctor later realises a baby's nervous system is in a very elementary stage, but dismisses the idea of the machine causing problems. The homicidal babies disappear without explanation from the script.

McCormick's investigations only seem to prove Katie killed her husband. "You're all the same. Drugs, sex, every sort of filth," he tells young George.

Meanwhile, Edna sees a picture of 'Guthrie the Looney' in a local paper and recognises him as the man who attacked both her and her sister. George doesn't believe her. It can't be. Guthrie is dead. He takes her to the graveyard to prove it can't be. They're followed, at a distance, by one of McCormick's men.

"The dead don't walk around except in very bad paperback novels," George tells Edna.

They go into an underground vault where they find coffins and the dead body of the caretaker. The caretaker?

Dead?

Suddenly 'Guthrie the Looney', his face scarred, attacks them. George rams a metal stake through Guthrie's back with a loud squelch. No effect. Guthrie turns. George rams the stake squelch through his opponent's leg. No effect. The other leg. Squelch. No effect.

In the fight, a coffin is knocked over. Guthrie revives the occupant by smearing the caretaker's blood on the corpse's eyelids. (This lovely touch is never explained or expanded on.)

PARTIALLY-EATEN POLICEMAN!

George and Edna escape. The policeman arrives. All three are attacked by a growing group of living corpses who start uprooting gravestones. Our heroes and heroine take refuge in part of the church. The policeman finds a shotgun (in a church?) and blasts apart a woman's head and a man's chest. But, as he finds, you just can't keep a good corpse down.

George realises that perhaps, when someone dies, the nervous system keeps living in a primitive form for a short while. It's like those babies who disappeared from the script. The farm machine is affecting the nervous systems of newly-dead corpses, making them attack the living.

Meanwhile, the corpses are trying to batter down the door with headstones. It's a grave matter. The police-



You can't keep a good corpse down! Martin coming back to life in the mortuary of Southgate Hospital.

man suddenly makes a break for it, is knocked down with a gravestone, pulled apart and eaten by the corpses.

At last the living dead break into the room where George and Edna are hiding. George throws a lantern. The corpses' clothes catch fire and their dead flesh burns. It's all over.

But, several miles away, Edna's dead brother-in-law Martin returns to life and tears apart a policeman at the cottage. Not knowing this, George goes off to the farm and destroys the machine while Edna returns to the cottage. There she sees a severed hand gripping the side of a police Land Rover. She staggers back. Martin attacks her. But she escapes, jumps in her car and mows him down.

George eventually finds her. He returns to the cottage and walks into a police trap. They've found a partially-eaten policeman and burnt corpses at the church. Plus the remains of a policeman at the cottage. This is not cricket. McCormick and the boys in blue are in no mood for trifling.

"Bring the dead back to life? What kind of fools do you think we are?" McCormick yells at George.

Martin's apparently dead body is taken to the hospital. The farm machine is repaired. McCormick interrogates George at the local hotel. (It's not explained why there.)

"It was the corpses. Don't you understand? The corpses." George

babbles.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Martin and the other corpses start eating their way through the staff. They dismember the mortuary attendant. They strangle the telephonist with her cord. She's soon disconnected too.

The only censor-cut, according to the British distributor, is "about half a minute of blood coming out of a stomach", presumably at this point.

In the general mayhem, a doctor slices a man's chest and is hacked to death for his trouble. Katie stabs Edna in the neck with a pair of scissors. George escapes from the police. The hospital's principal doctor is eaten on the stairs. (A step beyond in gore?) George arrives and sets fire to the rampaging corpses. Edna becomes one

of the living dead. George throws Edna into the fire. Now all the living dead are really dead. And all the evidence is gone. McCormick and the police arrive, armed, to find carnage beyond belief. McCormick raises his gun and shoots George dead.

It's all over. For McCormick, everything has a rational explanation. George was just a drug-crazed Satanist. And now he's dead.

But, of course, George isn't really dead—as McCormick finds out when he goes to his bedroom later that night. And the farm machine is still working. Its range has been increased. It is more powerful.

The Living Dead at The Manchester Morgue is no great film. But you certainly won't sleep through it. ●

THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE (FIN DE SEMANA PARA LOS MUERTOS)

George	Ray Lovelock
Edna	Christine Galbo
McCormick	Arthur Kennedy
Katie	Jeannine Mestre
Martin	José Ruiz Lifante
Guthrie	Fernando Hilbeck
Director	Jorge Grau
Producer	Edmondo Amati
Screenplay	Sandro Continenza;
							Marcello Coscia
Music	Giuliano Sorgini
1974 ..							93 minutes
				Colour		Cert 'X'	

House of Hammer

ANSWER DESK



BASIL RATHBONE

Sherlock Holmes buff **Marky Beck**, of Manchester, is interested in how many films Basil Rathbone appeared as the super-sleuth. Here, Marty, is a list of Holmes/Rathbone movies: **The Hound of the Baskervilles** (20th Century-Fox, 1939) Director: Sidney Lanfield. (Holmes faces the curse of the legendary Hell Hound); **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes** (20th Century-Fox, 1939) Dir: Alfred Werker. (Holmes faces old adversary Professor Moriarty, as played by George Zucco); **Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror** (Universal, 1942) Dir: Jack Rawlins. (This time Holmes is fighting Nazi saboteurs in London during World War II); **Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon** (Universal, 1942) Dir: Roy Neill. (Holmes again battling Moriarty, now played by Lionel Atwill, over a new invention wanted by the Axis); **Sherlock Holmes in Washington** (Universal, 1943) Dir: Roy Neill. (Holmes pursuing some important microfilm in America's capital); **Sherlock Holmes Faces Death** (Universal, 1943) Dir: Roy Neill. (Involves Holmes with murders and strange happenings around an eerie Manor); **Sherlock Holmes and the Spider Woman** (Universal, 1944) Dir: Roy William Neill. (Holmes faces villainess Gale Sondergaard and her army of large spiders); **The Scarlet Claw** (Universal, 1944) Dir: Roy William Neill. (This centres around a sinister village in Canada where a strange killer stalks); **The Pearl of Death** (Universal, 1944) Dir: Roy William Neill. (Holmes traces the owner of a fabulous pearl, and meets up with *The Creeper*); **The House of Fear** (Universal, 1945) Dir: Roy William Neill. (A curious group of men based in an old Scottish mansion are murdered in a *Ten Little Indians* fashion); **The Woman in Green** (Universal, 1945) Dir: Roy William Neill. (Holmes investigates a series of murders in which the victims'

right forefingers are missing); **Pursuit to Algiers** (Universal, 1945) Dir: Roy William Neill. (Spending most of the time on board an ocean liner, Holmes tries to protect the life of an Eastern diplomat); **Terror by Night** (Universal, 1946) Dir: Roy William Neill. (Holmes protects a priceless diamond from a variety of suspects on the London to Edinburgh express); **Dressed to Kill** (Universal, 1946) Dir: Roy William Neill. (Holmes pits his wits against a determined villainess who's out to get some stolen banknote plates.) Nigel Bruce appeared as Dr. Watson in all 14 films and Dennis Hoey appeared as Inspector Lestrade in 6 of the entries.

LATITUDE ZERO

Latitude Zero is a film Richard Hathaway, of Croydon, has been unable to track down. Here's the rundown on this 1969 Japanese production. **Latitude Zero** (original Japanese title: *Ido Zero Daisakusen*) was produced by Toho, directed by Inoshiro Honda, and

Discover the incredible world of tomorrow

LATITUDE ZERO

Discover!

The life perpetuator machine.
The underwater city.
The battle of the flying robots.
The laser beam hand gloves.
The attack of the giant monsters.
Four extraordinary...
See what's to come in the land of a legend.



National General Pictures Presents **LATITUDE ZERO** starring Joseph Cotten-Cesar Romero

starring Joseph Cotten, Cesar Romero, Akira Takarada and Richard Jaeckel. This science-fiction story tells of a Captain Nemo-like character and his battle with a demented scientist over an anti-radiation serum. The film's title is the location of an underwater city. Original running-time is 106 minutes, but when released in Britain (in 1974) it was cut down to 95 minutes. Director Inoshiro Honda has brought to the screen many of Japan's famous monsters, including *Godzilla*, *King of the Monsters* (1954), *Half Human* (1955), *Rodan* (1956), *The Mysterians* (1957), *Varan*, *The Unbelievable* (1958), *The H-Man* (1958).

NIGHT GALLERY

Terry Johnson writes from Bristol enquiring about the first episode of TV's **Night Gallery** show. Well, the very first **Night Gallery** produced, for NBC-TV, was a 95 minute pilot (feature film) in 1969. Rod Serling wrote and introduced three tales of the supernatural: (1) A despicable young man murders his wealthy uncle, and then becomes the victim of a strange haunting; (2) A blind rich woman buys the eyes of a poor man for an operation that, if successful, will allow her only 12 hours of sight; (3) A fleeing Nazi escapes daily from the horrors of his past in an art gallery, and ends up crucified. Directors were Boris Sagal, Steven Spielberg and Barry Shear. Cast included Joan Crawford, Richard Kiley, Roddy McDowall, Barry Sullivan, Ossie Davis, George Macready, Sam Jaffe, Tom Bosley, Barry Atwater.



Sherlock Holmes (Basil Rathbone) and Dr. Watson (Nigel Bruce) from *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1939).

THE MAKING OF



KING KONG

Following his critical look at Dino de Laurentiis' remake last issue, effects expert **John Brosnan** now takes us back 34 years to the Golden Age of Horror (with apologies to Denis Gifford) for the inside story on the making of the original **KING KONG**.

The early 1930s were great years for film monsters. 1930 saw the arrival of *Dracula*, 1931 was the year that *Frankenstein's* creature lurched across the screen, and in 1933 *King Kong* erupted out of the jungles of Skull Island and almost destroyed New York. Not bad going for a monster who was really only about eighteen inches high!

The story of *King Kong* began when Merian C. Cooper, an American producer and director who had made several documentaries in Africa, decided in 1929 to make a film about a giant ape going on a rampage through New York. His original idea was to use a live gorilla but due to financial problems the project was temporarily shelved. Then, in 1931, when Cooper was working at the RKO Studios he came across the work of special effects wizard Willis H. O'Brien, and quickly decided that it

would be cheaper to utilize O'Brien's techniques for his giant ape film rather than use a real one. And thus the film *King Kong* was born.

Willis H. O'Brien had perfected the art of stopmotion photography—the technique whereby a model, photographed one frame at a time, and adjusted by hand between each exposure to a new position, can be made to appear to be moving on its own.

STOP-MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY

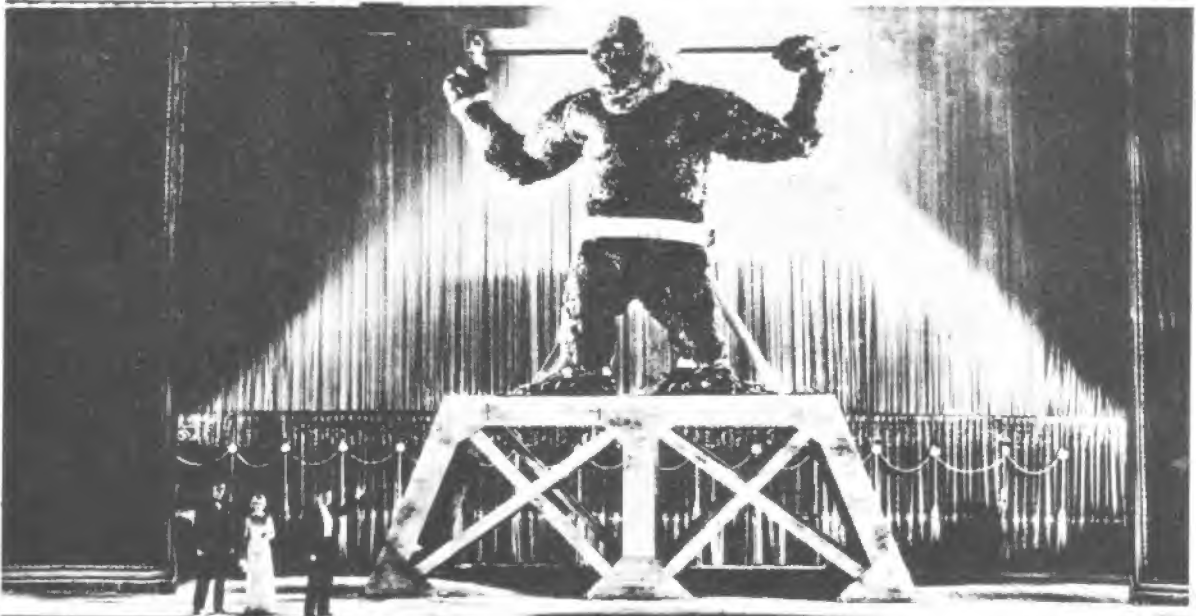
O'Brien began his career as a marble cutter but then became interested in sculpture and cartoon animation. One day, for his own amusement, he began experimenting with stop-motion photography and filmed two small boxers which he had made out of clay. Intrigued with the result he became more ambitious and

produced a one-minute film of a caveman and a dinosaur. The choice of subject was significant because most of O'Brien's later projects were concerned with prehistoric monsters of one kind or another. The caveman and dinosaur were crude, having been constructed out of clay around wooden frames, but one film producer was sufficiently impressed to advance O'Brien the sum of 5,000 dollars to make a more elaborate version of the same subject. It took O'Brien two months to make it and the film only ran five minutes on the screen but the Edison Company of New York bought it and released it in 1914.

When the picture, called *The Dinosaur and the Missing Link*, proved a success O'Brien made a number of similar films for the Edison Company but, unfortunately, none of them have survived. His reputation boosted by these,



Above left: A classic fight scene between ape and pterodactyl—sadly missing from the remake. Above right: Kong surveys his prize, the terrified Fay Wray. While below the crucified Kong is exhibited to a stunned world after his capture and journey to New York.



O'Brien had sufficient backing to make, in 1919, a much more elaborate film called **The Ghost of Slumber Mountain** which was a big success and grossed over 100,000 dollars (it had only cost 3,000 to make). Encouraged by this, O'Brien began planning an even bigger project—a whole full-length feature film. This turned out to be **The Lost World**, based on Arthur Conan Doyle's novel about an area in South America where dinosaurs have survived to the present day. This film was released in 1925.

The Lost World marked a great step forward in model-animation techniques. Instead of clay models, O'Brien used models made of rubber, a big advantage as these could be put under hot lights without fear of them melting, and also a more realistic appearance could be achieved. More than forty models of various

types of prehistoric monsters, quite complicated in construction with articulated wooden frames and wire frames, were used in the film. O'Brien's assistant was Marcel Delgado—a former art student who O'Brien had persuaded to take up a career in special effects (Delgado's speciality was the actual sculpting of the models).

CREATION INTO KONG

The Lost World was another big success for O'Brien so he was able to persuade the RKO Studio to finance an even bigger animation project. Called **Creation**, the film was going to show the beginning and development of life on Earth. O'Brien did a large amount of work on **Creation** which included the construction of several monsters and the painting

of prehistoric scenery on large sheets of glass, as well as countless illustrations of what would take place in the film (called a storyboard).

But then RKO was hit by financial problems and the project had to be abandoned. Then Merian C. Cooper became involved with the studio, was deeply impressed with O'Brien's unfinished work on **Creation** and made the decision to revive his own abandoned project, about the giant ape, making use of O'Brien's special effects (several of the models, and some of the scenery, from **Creation** appeared in **King Kong**).

Some people are still under the impression that **King Kong** was the creation of the famous thriller writer Edgar Wallace but though his name appears as script writer in the film's credits he didn't really have anything to do with it. The Executive Producer, David O.



Above: The new Kong breaks loose. Above right: The new Fay Wray (Jessica Lange) faints before the sight of the forty foot ape.



Heroic Bruce Cabot, bedraggled Fay Wray and a cast of dozens await the coming of the Great Ape.



Above: Dino's bride and joy. The full-size mechanical hands (with sixteen fully-automated movements) try out position number twelve on the lovely Ms Lange.



A rare shot of the Willis O'Brien studios in 1932. Note the fixed camera (centre left), "layers" of jungle, and brontosaurus (centre right).

Selznick, had brought the British writer to Hollywood to work on the film but before he could begin he died of pneumonia. Most of the script was written by Cooper and his partner Ernest B. Schoedsack, but, of course, O'Brien himself was responsible for much of the story of **King Kong**. His story-board of the animation sequences provided the basis for the script writers to work on.

The models in **King Kong** were the most sophisticated that had ever been built. During the planning stages O'Brien drew several sketches of Kong from which Marcel Delgado sculpted a dozen trial models of the ape. For the film itself six eighteen-inch models of Kong were constructed so that two or three different special effects sequences could be filmed at the same time. The models in Kong were the first to utilise metal skeletons, with ball and socket joints, which allowed them to be moved into various positions that were anatomically correct. Kong's flesh was made of rubber and covered with rabbit's fur.

Apart from the models the composite Kong also consisted of several full-scale sections, including a twenty foot high bust of his head and shoulders which was actually a complicated piece of engineering—the eyes swivelled and the mouth could open and close. In the film it was used for close-ups of Kong's face and for shots of people struggling in his jaws (most of which were later cut by the censor). The bust was constructed of wood and metal, and covered with bear hides. Other full-scale sections included a giant foot and a giant mechanical hand. The latter was used for the close-ups of the actress Fay Wray in the grip of Kong.

'MY FEAR WAS REAL . . .'

Years later she described what it was like filming such scenes: "The hand and the arm were about eight feet long and inside the furry arm there was a steel bar. The whole contraption, with me in the hand, could be raised and lowered like a crane. The fingers would be pressed around my waist while I was in a standing position. I would then be raised about ten feet into the air in the ape's hand, but then his fingers would gradually loosen and begin to open. My fear was real as I grabbed onto his wrist, his thumb, wherever I could, to keep from slipping out of that paw! When I could sense that the moment of minimum safety had arrived I would call imploringly to the director and ask to be lowered to the ground. I would have a few minutes rest, be re-secured in the paw and then the ordeal would begin all over again."

Apart from model animation **King Kong** also utilized practically every other special effects technique known to the film industry at that time, such as glass shots, travelling mattes, rear projection and optical printing (the latter was handled by Linwood Dunn, the man who invented the optical printer).

Many of O'Brien's methods were kept secret during the making of the film for fear of imitation but basically they were the same ones he had used in his earlier films, though much

improved upon and refined by the latest techniques in process photography. 'The first shot RKO ever made in rear process is in *Kong*,' said Cooper. 'It's where Fay is on top of the tree and the allosaurus comes for her. That shot took us three days because none of us knew how to do it.' Rear process is the system where an image is projected onto a screen from behind while the actors are photographed in front of it—with the result that the projected image, which is usually background scenery, and the actors are combined on one piece of film.

MINIATURE PROJECTION

Another first for *Kong* was the use of miniature projection. 'We invented it for *King Kong*,' said Cooper, 'but I didn't patent it . . . I was damn fool. Nobody patented it.' Miniature projection is really the reverse of rear projection—it involves a scaled set containing the models being set up in front of a small screen onto which footage of the actors is projected. As each frame of the live action appears on the screen the models are photographed and then re-positioned. The procedure is repeated over and over again until the necessary footage has been shot, thus creating the illusion that the actors and models are together in the same scene. One of the many examples of this in *Kong* is the famous scene where the giant ape plucks off Fay Wray's clothing (thanks to the censor this scene is missing from most prints of the film). 'A movie was first taken of Fay alone,' said Cooper, 'while invisible wires pulled off her clothes. Then the miniature Kong was placed on a set built on a waist-high platform, about twice the



Left: The great wall, separating Kong from the fearful, worshipping natives of Skull Island. Right: Another excellent effect. Kong prevents Bruce Cabot from rescuing his newly-offered plaything by pulling up the rope they were sliding down.



Above: An impressive shot utilising back projection (for the aerial scene of New York) with superimposed model bi-planes, as Cabot rescues Fay Wray atop the Empire State Building.



size of a dining-room table, on which miniature trees, ferns and plaster of paris rocks had been arranged. Back of this the movie of Fay Wray was projected and Kong's movements were made to correspond with it.

Apart from Kong himself Fay Wray is the one most remembered from the film. As the giant ape's love object, Ms Wray didn't have much to do except scream, but she performed this task extremely well: 'I just imagined I was miles from help,' she said, 'and . . . well, you'd scream too if you just imagined that situation with that monster up there. And when the picture was finished they took me into the sound room and then I screamed for about five minutes—just steady screaming up and down the scale with a wide variety of inflections, and the studio chose the one that produced the most ice up and down the spine.'

THE TALLEST LEADING MAN

Describing how she had become involved with *King Kong*, Ms Wray said: 'I knew the producers and admired their previous work, so when Mr Cooper said to me that he had a film in mind for me I was very interested. But the only thing he'd tell me was that it was going to have the tallest leading man in Hollywood. Well, naturally I thought of Clark Gable but when the script came I was *absolutely appalled*! I thought it was a practical joke. I really didn't have much appetite for doing it except that I did admire these two producers and I realized that the film did have, at least, scope . . .'

Whatever happened to King Kong? The models of him, that is, as we all know that the real Kong fell to his death from the top of the Empire State Building. It's been a question that's perplexed many people over the years.



Above: A (needless-to-say) posed publicity shot of Wray and Cabot.



Above: The final footage of the effect illustrated on page 43.



Above: The police want to kill the escaped Kong. Cabot, flanked by Armstrong, argues against it, saying that the ape holds Fay Wray his prisoner as he climbs the Empire State Building.

In 1970, at a cinema exhibition held at the Round House in London, a foot-high model of an ape was displayed—and described by the exhibition organisers as one of the original Kong models. But Ray Harryhausen, a protégé of O'Brien's and the film industry's top animator today, told me what it really was: 'Actually it was one of the models from *Mighty Joe Young* (a film made by O'Brien and Harryhausen in 1949 which, like *Kong*, was about a giant ape captured in some exotic locale and brought back to America) that I had designed for the picture. It was rather tatty because someone had removed the fur. It was one of six models we built for the film. Four were about one foot high and the other two were slightly smaller. The actual models of Kong were bigger (at least 18 inches high). They were, I believe, destroyed and converted for use in *Son of Kong*, the sequel to *Kong* that was made the same year (1933).'

Mighty Joe Young was one of the few successes that Willis H. O'Brien had after *King Kong*. Most of his projects had to be abandoned through lack of finance, such as *The War Eagle*—about giant eagles attacking New York—*Gwangi*—about a group of cowboys who discover prehistoric monsters in Texas (later made by Harryhausen under the title of *Valley of Gwangi*) and *El Toro Estrella*—about a boy, a bull and a dinosaur. Harryhausen told me why things went so badly for O'Brien: 'The success of *King Kong* did stimulate a certain interest and enthusiasm but little was known about the process of

KONG—A GIANT ROBOT?

dimensional animation. I remember reading all sorts of misleading stories about a giant mechanical robot being constructed for the film. Then again, many of O'Brien's best ideas required a substantial budget to carry them out properly. The major studios were really not equipped to produce his kind of film. It would have required a really interested independent producer.

'The difference between his films and mine,' said Harryhausen, 'is that we design them in a different way. In *Kong* and *Mighty Joe Young* most of the scenery was painted on large glasses. It was necessary to have a large staff of artists to keep these paintings progressively ready to shoot on and it became quite a costly proposition. You can get a wonderful mood with this effect but it's just too expensive and time-consuming. We use real scenery and matte our models into it.'

But what was King Kong's creator like as a person? 'He had quite a lot of tragedy and disappointment in his life,' said Harryhausen, (apart from the fluctuations in O'Brien's film career he had also suffered in his personal life—in 1933, just before the release of *King Kong*, his estranged wife shot and killed their two sons) 'but he was a very happy man and a very wonderful person. He had a great sense of humour. When I was in my teens he and his work were a great inspiration to me. It was certainly a fine experience to work with him and to know him.'

"STILLS AND PRESSBOOKS"

by Tise Vahimagi

Fantastic film material collecting is an extensive hobby. In order to approach this pursuit realistically, most fans specialise in one type of item only.

Stills are usually among the easiest material to acquire, and most fans start collecting memorabilia by building up their little file of favourite stills. They then find that they have to get another file, and then another, until investment in office-type filing cabinets becomes the only proposition left.

Stills, in explanation of the term, are 8" x 10" photographs taken by a studio photographer during the production of a film. They are mainly black and white, glossy-surfaced, except for a set of eight, colour, 'front-of-house' type. Quantities of stills per film can run into the hundreds. All stills have their own identification serial numbers marked on them, which appear on the bottom right-hand corner of the photo itself. It is from these that the publicity office select eight to be reproduced as 'front-of-house', or National Screen Service set (the Screen Service are

Fan Scene on Collecting



the still. These, as their name implies, are displayed outside the cinema to attract audiences.

American Screen Service stills have a date code also printed on them; for example, *Colossus—The Forbin Project* will have 70/33 marked on the stills. The '70' stands for the registration date (1970) and the '33' is the production company's own identification number.

Most stills collectors would already have acquired the 'front-of-house' sets and would be hotly pursuing the more elusive 'publicity' and 'pro-



duction' stills. 'Production' stills come from the company's own files where they have a complete set on the film. These carry their identification on the back of the photograph, where they list the action taking place in that scene along with the featured players and their parts. Some stills have this information printed on the back while the more older stills used to have a strip of paper with this info pasted on.

The mass collecting of stills is just one factor of the enjoyment, because along the course you can get your favourite scenes autographed by your favourite actor or director (should you be lucky enough to meet them).



basically trade suppliers of cinema promotional materials). The special 'front-of-house' set can be recognised, not only by their colour, but by seeing the film's title and main credits listed across a strip on the bottom border of

duction' stills. 'Publicity' stills are ones specially posed for, and are among the hardest to find. Their coding includes a 'Pub' or 'PB' alongside the company's own identification number, although this number cannot be seen on stills used for front-of-house, being covered by



Colossus—The Forbin Project

If your luck is really in, you might uncover a colour still from a movie which was only released in black and white. Two good examples of this are the scenes from *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (reproduced with slight variations on Ringo Starr's 'Good-night Vienna' album) and *The Crea-*

ture From the Black Lagoon which have been seen in some magazines in recent years.

The older the still the harder to find, and the most expensive to buy from dealers. Most collectors will have already realised that original stills from the Thirties, for such films as *Things to Come*, *Bride of Frankenstein*, *King Kong*, etc., are almost impossible to obtain. Whenever these sort of items are available the price asked usually prohibits most fans from adding them to their collections. The more likely opportunity would be in getting reproductions of original material.

The speed with which 'collector-value' is catching up on film material is incredible. Ten years ago almost anything from post-1950 could be found and purchased at a reasonable price, but now to acquire original stills from, say, Hammer's *Dracula* (1958), *The Mummy* or *Hound of the Baskervilles* would take a lot of searching.

The popularity of certain actors,



and certain films, can make copies (repeat, *copies*) of stills more accessible, so if you're collecting stills on Karloff or Chris Lee movies you stand a better chance of filling out your collection than the fan who's trying to boost his Lionel Atwill or Michael Ripper collection.



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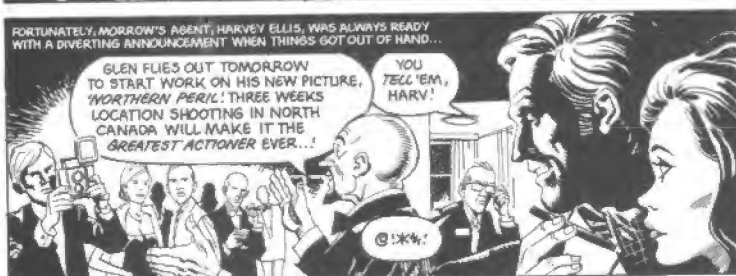
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THE HOUSE OF HAMMER
NO. 10

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

FOOD for THOUGHT



IN THE WILDS OF NORTH CANADA



MORROW FOUND HIMSELF GETTING ANNOYED AGAIN... AND HE KNEW WELL ENOUGH HOW TO HANDLE THAT.



BUT NOW, AT THE CRASH SITE, THERE WAS LITTLE LEFT TO MORROW EXCEPT WILL-POWER...

LAST OF THE FOOD!
WHEN'S HARY GOING
TO GET HERE! THE PICTURE
MUST HAVE STARTED
SHOOTING DAYS
AGO...

WILL-POWER THAT WAS SWIFTLY UNBALANCING HIS THOUGHTS.

BUT I'LL GET
THERE SOMEHOW...
IT'LL BE MY GREATEST
ROLE! AFTER THIS ONE,
NO ONE'LL BE ABLE TO
COME NEAR ME!

BUT MORE DAYS OF FRUITLESS SEARCHING WERE TO PASS BY...

STILL NO LUCK,
FRED... BUT I'LL CARRY
ON TILL THE MONEY
RUNS OUT. HOLD
ON...

...CALLING CURTAIN
FIELD! ELLIS! I'VE SPOTTED
A PLANE! THIS COULD
BE IT!...

AND, TRUE TO HIS WORD, ELLIS OVERCAME HIS
HORROR OF FLYING. AS NIGHT WAS FALLING...

THERE IT IS!
COME ON, GET
US DOWN
THERE!



NO SIGN
OF ANYONE!
THEY MUST
BE ALL
DEAD!

NO, THE
FUSELAGE!
BRING A
FLASH-
LIGHT!

GLEN!
GLEN!

THERE WAS A WEAK
RESPONSE TO ELLIS'S SHOUTS.
HE MOVED CLOSER...

I KNEW
YOU'D MAKE
IT, GLEN! HANG
ON, WE'LL GET
YOU OUT! WHERE
ARE THE
OTHERS?

THE OTHERS ARE...
GOWE, HARY! THANK GOD
YOU MADE IT... THE FOOD'S
JUST ABOUT RUN OUT..!

THERE WAS A MANICAL EDGE TO MORROW'S WORDS THAT ELLIS
DIDN'T LIKE AT ALL. THEN THE FLASHLIGHT ARRIVED, AND...

YEAH, HARY...
I WAS JUST
WONDERING
WHAT I WAS
GONNA EAT
NEXT...!

YES, SURVIVAL OF THE
FITTEST WAS ALWAYS GLEN
MORROW'S RULE... ALTHOUGH
JUST WHAT HE WAS FIT FOR
AFTER THAT I CAN ONLY
LEAVE TO YOUR OWN
IMAGINATIONS...!

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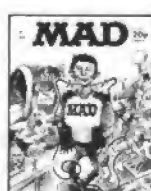
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